

Catholic Digest

JULY 1955

35¢

**Mexican
Love Story**



Catholic Digest

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COVER: You have admired his paintings on our covers. Now meet Alejandro Rangel Hidalgo and his fiancée, Margarita Septien. Their "Mexican Love Story" is on page 117. Photograph by Jim Bishop

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"All that rings true, all that commands reverence, and all that makes for right; all that is pure, all that is lovely, all that is gracious in the telling; virtue and merit, wherever virtue and merit are found—let this be the argument of your thoughts" (St. Paul in his letter to the Philippians, Chapter 4).

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*"Is life so dear or peace so sweet as to be purchased
at the price of chains and slavery?"*

How to Fight the Cold War

By WILLIAM F. KNOWLAND, U.S. SENATOR FROM CALIFORNIA

YOU CAN'T FIGHT a hot war with a feather duster. Neither can you fight and expect to win a cold war except from a position of military, economic, and moral strength. The sword of the spirit must be sheathed in the scabbard of the greatest possible national preparedness and must be held by hands unafraid to fight for the things they hold sacred and dear.

This should be the basis of all our strategy to defeat the global godless communist conspiracy. To settle for anything less will leave us open to a twofold danger: 1. of seeing the rest of our friends and allies weaned or coerced away from us by the Soviets, one by one, because of our failure to take a firm stand; 2. of being ourselves reduced to something of the status of the small nations who now speak out sincerely against communism but whose words, as far as the men in the Kremlin are concerned, carry little weight.

If this should happen, if we

should ever reach the point where our voice finds only a feeble echo in the councils of the world, then we will find ourselves a target in a hot war. We will have put ourselves on the receiving end of the most horrible destruction the world has ever known.

These are the hard, cold facts as I see them. What we do *now* may determine the course of history for the next thousand years. The choice is ours, but the time is short. We have either got to start to win the cold war or dance the Soviet tune and commit national suicide.

Most Americans instinctively feel this. Wherever and whenever I address gatherings around the country I receive the greatest response from statements which pinpoint the true nature of the global Red conspiracy and the means we should take to defeat it.

The average American is well aware that the line must be drawn somewhere. What has confused him are pronouncements from var-

ious persons in the public eye to the effect that events 10,000 miles from our shores are no concern of ours. He is bewildered by remarks such as, "Yes, we will have to take a stand somewhere, but such-and-such an island or such-and-such a country is not the place."

The net result has been that, up to now, we have lost the initiative in the cold war to the Soviets. For common sense and courage, we have substituted gullibility and fear.

On one hand, we have those who, blinking at Russia's violation of every treaty of friendship and nonaggression it has ever made, still believe that the way to deal with an international bully is by more appeasement. They forget that appeasement is not the road to peace but surrender on the installment plan—and there are 800 million men, women, and children now under the communist yoke who bear testimony to that.

On the other hand, we have those who sincerely detest communism and everything for which it stands, but who are so terrified at the thought of another world conflict that they are willing to do anything, even forfeit their God-given liberties to a godless, totalitarian state, rather than risk physical destruction.

I sympathize with these people but I don't agree with them. I know the horror of war. I saw city after city in Europe leveled for

miles during the 2nd World War. But there is something far worse than war. To see men's minds twisted and their souls blackened, to see human beings reduced to the level of beasts, is far more to be feared than the consequences of another war, horrible though those consequences may be.

I think back to the words of Patrick Henry, which are as true today as they were in 1775: "Is life so dear or peace so sweet as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery?"

I propose that, as the cornerstone of our cold-war strategy, we announce to the world—and mean it—that the limits to which we can appease have been reached and that we intend to retreat no further in the face of aggression, whether in Europe, Southeast Asia, or the Far East.

Once this has been done, I propose that we immediately launch a counteroffensive that is as deliberately conceived and determinedly executed as anything the slave world can boast.

I suggest that this counteroffensive be waged on three distinct planes: 1. political; 2. economic; 3. spiritual.

On the *political* level, we can wage cold war through the constant pronouncements of the President; our public officials; the Voice of America—which, incidentally, has increased markedly in effectiveness

recently; through Radio Free Europe; through trade commissions and business representatives in foreign countries; through exchange students; through our agents on both sides of the Iron and Bamboo Curtains. We must convince the enslaved peoples of the world that we have not written them off permanently, that we intend to keep the ideal of liberty alive until they can throw off their chains.

By a process of political osmosis, using the methods I have just described, we must convince the free peoples of the world, particularly those on the periphery of the Soviet and its satellites, that we will not be a party to any more "Big Power" deals which sell them into slavery. The cracks in the Iron and Bamboo Curtains are wide enough; every report I get, every person I see who has escaped from Soviet tyranny, confirms this. All we have to do is exploit that weakness by every means at our command.

We must concentrate our efforts as the communists have done: on particular countries and particular areas, not only on the political level but on the economic plane, too.

We must concern ourselves, as individual citizens, with the tactics and dynamics of communism. Thus we will be able to penetrate the smoke screen of the Kremlin's maneuvers and let our government know that we know what is going on. The knowledge of the communist conspiracy should be as im-

portant to us as the study of history, perhaps even more so. If we neglect to learn the true nature of our enemy, then our history books will be "made in Moscow," and truth, as we have been taught it, will be perverted and twisted into a systematic pattern of lies.

We must publicly reject the theory, advanced in some quarters, of a "world government" as the solution to world tensions and attendant problems. We should announce in most emphatic terms that we will not permit Gulliver to be tied down by the Lilliputians. This country cannot join its political and economic system with other countries without diluting our Constitutional guarantees and jeopardizing the living standards of our people. We should help others to better their social and economic conditions, certainly. But we should not destroy our own systems in doing so. It is one thing for the American people, by deliberate choice, to amend our Constitution to meet changing conditions. To allow it to happen by default would be a betrayal of our responsibilities and our sacred trust.

We should repudiate any public official who tries to shackle the free choice, or misrepresent the moral position of the American people, whether it be in the United Nations, in dealing separately with foreign powers, or in preliminary conferences leading up to "Big Three" or "Big Four" negotiations.

We must not permit court decisions or executive agreements to be raised to the status of treaties.

We must continue to oppose the admission of Red China into the United Nations, and we must not cease in our efforts to let our government know how we feel.

We must expose the lie that support of the Free Republic of China automatically commits us to use our armies on the Chinese mainland. We have not written off the Poles or the Czechs or the Letts or the Hungarians, and no one has suggested that our refusal to write them off commits us to liberate them by invasion. Neither should we allow to go unchallenged the accusation that we will be involved on the Chinese mainland if we continue to support the forces of freedom on Formosa.

We should examine, and tell our government to examine, each and every suggestion that Formosa be turned over to some form of trusteeship, pending final settlement of its status. Those, even in our own country, who advance such proposals, make no similar arguments to the Red Chinese.

We must make more effective use of our presence in the United Nations to get our message of peace across to the world. But in so doing, we must never allow that group, or any other group, to supplant the authority of our own Republic.

We must publicly reject the com-

munist talk of "co-existence" for what it is: a move designed to confuse and divide us pending the day they are ready to strike. The world cannot remain forever half-slave and half-free, and every card-carrying party member and fellow traveler knows it. The goal of communism is the earth and all its peoples. We must never forget that.

We must develop a sense of moral indignation at all those actions which split asunder countries and nations under the guise of political expediency. I, for one, get no satisfaction from a divided Korea, a divided Germany, or a divided Vietnam, and I don't believe the American people do, either. We wouldn't accept a two-Americas policy should the Soviets ever take over our country and force our government to flee to Hawaii or Alaska. We have no right to put our stamp of approval on similar situations abroad.

We must, finally, let the Soviet Union know that while we are willing to discuss every honest attempt at peace, we are prepared to use every resource at our command to defend and maintain it. I stress this point because I believe there is a grave misconception not only in America but elsewhere regarding the wartime use of atomic weapons.

I do not advocate the indiscriminate use of atomic force to defend freedom or deter the communists from further aggression. But I do

believe we should use those atomic weapons, such as atomic artillery and bombs, which have a *limited* military-target range. As far as I am concerned, I see no difference between using a thousand block-busters to wipe out a military objective and using a single atomic shell to accomplish the same purpose.

If we let the Soviets know that we do not intend to use the atomic weapons we have developed, we give up every possible advantage we now have in the cold war. We cannot match communist land strength. Our military superiority lies in our atomic weapons and in our atomic bombs. Even Winston Churchill has gone on record with the statement that were it not for the threat of atomic retaliation, the Reds would have overrun Europe long ago.

In a just cause, and as long as we confine ourselves to military objectives, the threat of atomic retaliation by the free world is morally justified.

I suggest, as one of our strategies in the cold war, that we make this point clear.

As regards fighting the cold war on the *economic* level, that can be done in two ways.

1. We must refuse to build up the armed strength and war potential of the Soviet and its satellites by supplying them with the materials of war. We must avoid

the mistake we made prior to the 2nd World War with Japan. We should have no "business as usual," with all that it implies, with any potential enemy.

2. Through the cooperation of our government and our industrial and agricultural leaders, we should make available to non-communist countries, especially those on the boundaries of the Soviet, all the technical, mechanical, and agricultural know-how which has made America great.

As with the message of peace and our determination to retreat no further in the face of aggression, the technical and scientific information and assistance we make available to those on the edge of the communist empire will sift through to millions of those in slavery. We will reap the benefit in terms of good will for the cause of freedom.

A start in this direction has already been made. The government recently set aside sufficient money, not a lot, but enough to pay the transportation costs of those industrial and manufacturing firms and agricultural organizations which wish to take part in fairs and exhibitions abroad, as in Leipzig and Düsseldorf and other cities throughout Europe. Moreover, the government is encouraging our people to take advantage of this offer.

Up to now, we have had little or no representation at those events. The Soviets, on the other hand,

have been represented at almost every one. They have even brought in tools and machinery, most of it not factory-produced but hand-made, to demonstrate the mechanical and agricultural progress of the Soviet Union.

We have got to take the initiative away from them in this regard. We have got to step up our campaign to show the rest of the world that a free society can out-produce and outmanufacture anything that a slave society can. We should not bring in heavy equipment at the start. It would be beyond the reach and understanding of the average farmer or worker. I would recommend small tools and equipment as a beginning. Heavier tools and equipment could follow.

Concerning the peacetime use of atomic energy, President Eisenhower has told the world that the U.S. stands ready to help other nations benefit from our discovery. His promise is an outstanding example of how we can bring home to the rest of the nations, free and slave, the fact that our aim is peace and not war.

Both of these actions, and others like them, can have a tremendous political as well as economic effect on the peoples of the world, even those behind the Iron and Bamboo Curtains. The Kremlin may propagandize all it wishes to about the Soviet Union being first to discover everything under the sun, from

crop rotation to nuclear fission, but the millions of suffering humanity who now groan under oppression will eventually learn the true story.

It will take time, of course, but it can be done. Every businessman, industrialist, and educator who has any dealings at all with firms or individuals abroad must become a salesman for America. They don't have to picture us as a perfect society; we're not. We have injustices and inequities, but we have achieved a standard of living and social progress that is the envy of the world.

We have a story to tell. I propose that we tell it better than we have ever told it in the past. I propose that we go to the people, over the heads of their masters, in every way possible to hasten the day of final liberation.

When that day will be, neither I nor anyone else can say. It may take five, 50 or 100 years, but it will come. Whether we should, as part of our cold-war strategy, also undertake to aid underground movements inside the Soviet empire is a matter for the Chief Executive and the military and intelligence branches of our government to decide. They know the situation far better than anyone else.

I do believe, however, that underground workers and leaders should not be encouraged to blow up bridges or commit other acts of sabotage if, by so doing, they endanger lives.

The services of underground patriots will be far more valuable to the forces of freedom should the time ever come when the Soviets attempt to engulf by force what they have failed to take by subversion. Then those who have worked and prayed and prepared for their chance to achieve liberty can rise against their oppressors. Then they will not be struggling alone. They will know that the forces of freedom all over the earth are fighting with them. They will know that whatever sacrifices they may be required to make will not be in vain.

The third, or *spiritual*, phase of our cold-war campaign is perhaps the most intangible to list in detail; yet it can and will be the most effective.

The struggle against atheistic communism is one that should unite God-fearing people everywhere, regardless of their religious differences. Human freedom is a God-given right. Under the divine guidance that made us and kept us a free nation, we can and must find ways of renewing and increasing our spiritual resources to the end that, with our might of military, political, and economic preparedness, we also bring the right.

We can and must go back to the moral principles of love of God, family, and country. We have within us the power to defeat communism, namely, the weapon of faith in God and faith in human

freedom. These are indestructible, and while we cling to them we are indestructible, too.

I propose that we re-dedicate ourselves as a nation to serve the cause of peace through prayer.

I propose that people of all faiths unite at least once a year to pray for peace with justice, and that we beam that message to the slave world by press, radio, freedom balloons, trade missions—by every possible means at our command. I urge that we take advantage of the cracks in the Iron and Bamboo Curtains to ask the suffering millions behind them to join with us in this great crusade.

If we keep our defenses in a constant state of readiness and tell the world that while our aim is peace we stand prepared to maintain it, I believe the day will come when the scales will be tipped in our favor *by the weight of our spiritual convictions*, by our faith in the universal brotherhood of man under the Fatherhood of God.

When the day of final decision is at hand, that faith will not only be our strength but our salvation.

For millions over the earth who look for a sign to signify the day of their deliverance, I believe the sword of the spirit, held by hands willing and able to use it in a just cause, will be what the cross in the heavens was to the Emperor Constantine when the fate of Christian civilization hung in the balance.

In this sign we will conquer.

God "spoke to them in the pillar of the cloud"

Lost in the Sky

By GUY MURCHIE

Condensed from "Song of the Sky"*

A GREAT CLOUD bank loomed ahead, and Willie hurried to plot his position from the stars. Once *Great Joy Queen* entered the cold front, he would have to navigate by radio and dead reckoning alone.

Great Joy Queen was a C-54 bound for Prestwick, Scotland, from the Azores. My friend Willie Leveen was her navigator. She was carrying top brass, 18 American generals returning to the battle-front from a Pentagon conference with General Marshall. It was the last year of the war.

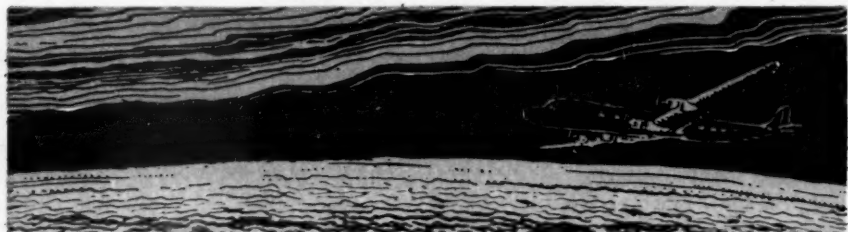
It had been an uneventful day, and the four-star fix caused neither Willie nor his pilot, Capt. Daniel L. Boone, any apprehension. *Queen* was precisely where she should be when they entered the clouds. Willie estimated that they would hit

Prestwick at 1:05 A.M., on the dot.

About 10 P.M., Willie got a radio bearing on Valley, in northern Wales. He didn't believe it: radio could not be relied on 200 miles out; besides, it indicated that *Queen* had slowed down to an almost absurd degree.

Another hour passed, but nothing else came through on the radio. Even Valley had faded out. "Mighty strange," thought Willie. "Could the radio be on the blink?" Not likely; all three radios on board acted the same. An eerie loneliness came over Willie as he looked out into the black nothingness beyond the windows, and heard only the sound of sizzling fat in his earphones.

He leaned over Captain Boone's shoulder. "We still can't get a thing on the radio, Dan. All I've



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got is dead reckoning. Do you think we could climb out of this soup and get a star shot?"

"Not a chance, Willie," said Boone. "This cumulus stuff goes way up. Keep trying the radio."

So Willie kept to his original flight plan, using dead reckoning, guessing the wind from his Azores weather folder. He also kept at the radio. But, as Willie said afterward, "No dice."

Midnight came. According to flight plan and dead reckoning, he should be over Nutts Corner now, and he made the turn northeast for Prestwick. Of course, he didn't *know* he was over Nutts Corner, but you can't stop and ponder when you're moving at 180 knots.

As *Queen* flew northeastward toward a hypothetical Prestwick, Willie wondered what to do next. He had long since passed his point of no return: there was no chance of going back to the Azores.

Should he try to descend under the clouds and find Prestwick visually? No. Without his knowing whether there was any room between clouds and mountainous Scotland, descending blindly would be about as sensible as diving out of an office window in New York in hopes of landing in a haystack.

Then what about going up? It offered small hope and would use a lot of gasoline, but men in dire straits must grasp at anything. Willie again put it to Boone.

"No," said the captain. "There

must be something you can get on the radio. Radio's our best bet for getting down, Willie."

So Willie and his radioman twirled the knobs some more. Was there any station at all on the air? No, nothing. No—yes, there was one. But it was hard to tell whether it was a voice or dots and dashes. Then it was gone.

Willie switched on the radio compass again, tuned to Prestwick. The dead needle started breathing, twitched, and moved. Then it reversed itself, wavered, and spun around three times.

"What about it, Dan?" asked Willie once more. "Want to go up? Not a prayer on the radio."

"Let's try the Irish sea," said Captain Boone. "That's right here somewhere to the west of us. It would be pretty safe to let down there to a couple of thousand feet." He adjusted the throttle knobs, turned the plane westward.

Down and down, 8,000 feet, 3,000 feet, 1,500. Finally, Boone leveled off. There was still no bottom to the clouds.

"You win, Willie," he said. "I guess we have no choice now."

He set his throttles for a long climb. Willie and the radioman kept their earphones on, but heard only the wail of the unknown void around them.

After a long half hour, *Great Joy Queen* was getting close to her ceiling, but she was still in clouds that seemed to have no end. The

needle read 25,200 feet, and the big plane was beginning to mush. There was hardly enough air to hold her up, but somehow she managed to claw her way among the molecules of nitrogen still a little higher, 25,400, and a little higher, 25,500, 25,550.

Willie was beside himself with anxiety. Could he have a peek at a star? Just a few seconds of a star? Just one little star. Any star would do. Anything would do, please God.

As Dan Boone labored toward the last inch of ceiling, Willie's gray eyes scanned the dark nothingness out of the astrodome. Was there a light anywhere? A whisper of a star? Now was the crucial time. Now, God.

What was that over there to the east? The frost on the dome? Willie rubbed the frozen breath with his sleeve. There was still something light over there! The moon!

Willie thanked God as he swung his octant toward the hazy glow of light. He removed his oxygen mask to clear his face for the eyepiece.

"Hold her steady, Dan," he called as he balanced the silver bubble and pressed his trigger on the moon. It was the most difficult shot Willie had ever made. The angle twisted his neck, and he was cold. He could hardly make out the moon, and he had to keep rubbing the frost off the Plexiglas every 15 seconds, dancing on his

little stool at the same time. Without oxygen, his breath came in short gasps.

Somehow he managed it. As Boone started descending again, Willie plotted a moon line. His eyes widened with amazement. The line was mostly off the map. *Queen* was off the coast of Norway!

"Dan, do a one-eighty turn and let down," gasped Willie. He half expected Boone to question his wild request, but Boone promptly banked the plane into a complete reversal of direction. The *Queen* headed southwest, back across the North sea toward Britain again. "We must be in one hell of a west wind," muttered Willie.

When he was asked later by investigators why he accepted that single implausible moon shot as accurate, Willie replied, "It was all I had to go by in more than four hours. What else could I believe?"

As the plane descended steadily toward what Willie presumed was the North sea, Boone throttled down his engines to save every possible drop of fuel. Their plan was to get below the clouds and the strong winds while over the sea where it would be reasonably safe to descend that low. Willie was betting the lives of all on board on his moon shot. He had to wager everything on coming down to the sea rather than into rugged Norway, Scotland, or the Orkney Isles.

Down, down they went. At 500

feet, anxiety became intense. If over land, this altitude could easily be fatal. At 400 feet, a grayness appeared in the black below. The sea! Boone leveled off at 200 feet.

Willie and Boone determined to fly west until Britain appeared, then fly along the coast in an attempt to recognize some locality, and, if possible, find a landing field. Meanwhile, the flight clerk and engineer were preparing for a possible landing in the sea. Life rafts were dragged forth and Mae West jackets handed to all the generals. It is interesting to think of the comments that must have come from the brass as they were assigned to rafts. Of that, alas, I have no record.

A half hour went by. Boone suddenly cried, "Land!" He banked to the right and headed up the coast. The crew looked eagerly at the dim outline of the shore while Willie tried to match it with some part of his map. It was tantalizing. He could not recognize anything, nor tell whether the coast was England, Scotland, the Shetlands, or even something else. Willie felt cold shivers in his bones.

Fuel was running low. Boone turned inland in search of airfields and possible radio contact. If he did not discover anything useful in 30 minutes, he said, they would return to the coast. By then the fuel tanks would be about empty. They would ditch in the ocean as close to land as possible and

hope to be able to make the shore in their rubber rafts against the gale blowing out to sea.

As they flew west, Willie and the radioman desperately sought a response on their radios. And Willie peered ahead over Boone's shoulder, watching the murky landscape below for a light or a city, a railroad line, a highway, a lake—any clue.

Once, Willie saw a high hill approaching dead ahead. It was so close he was sure they would crash. He braced himself frantically as Boone zoomed upward and the hill burst all around them. It was a black cloud, and in four seconds they were out again on the other side. Hard on the nerves, this!

What was that whine in the earphones? Was it Scotland or Norway or Russia? Willie could not decide whether it sounded more like bagpipes or Tchaikovsky.

The 30 minutes were nearly up when the radioman suddenly shouted, "Prestwick! I've got Prestwick!" It was 4:30 A.M., the first radio contact made in five and a half hours.

The sputtering code sang forth as in the Psalm: "He spoke to them in the pillar of the cloud." Willie prayed it would not prove too late.

The radioman tapped out a request for position. A couple of minutes passed while Prestwick and other stations took simultaneous bearings on the plane; then the position was given exactly.

Willie scribbled it down frantically: "3° 35' W., 53° 20' N."

"Dan," he shouted, "Do a one-eighty. We're headed for Ireland. We're over the Irish sea near Liverpool."

Willie had to think hard. He knew where he was at last, but there was so little gas left that it seemed out of the question to try to reach Prestwick. Some nearer field would have to be found. But the radio was still scarcely usable.

As the *Queen* approached land again, Willie racked his brains for ideas. He remembered vaguely having heard of an emergency radio system the RAF used for helping disabled bombers find their way home. It was known by the code name of "Darkee." But how could Willie find it? What was the frequency?

Willie found himself praying again. "Dear God, we need You still." There was not a minute to lose. And to Willie's amazement, an answer popped into his head at once: 4220 kilocycles. "It came straight from the Lord," he told me afterward.

Willie's fingers twirled the knobs to 4220 and held down the microphone button: "Darkee, Darkee, Darkee."

He got an answer: "This is Darkee! Circle. Circle. We are tracking you. Now we have you. Fly one-twenty degrees. Altimeter setting is 29.31. Highest obstruction 400 feet."

Willie leaned over Boone's shoulder as Boone banked to 120°. He corrected the altimeters for existing barometric pressure, and Boone kept the *Queen* at 600 feet. It was so dark that scarcely anything of the landscape below could be seen. Time went by: 15 minutes, 20 minutes.

Just when Willie was beginning to expect splutters from the engines as the fuel tanks went dry, Darkee said, "Make a three-sixty turn. You are over the field. Let down to 500 feet."

Boone did as he was told, but could see nothing of the ground. "Darkee, we are still in solid clouds," he reported.

"Then go down to 400," said Darkee.

When even that failed, Darkee urged, "Three hundred feet, but very carefully."

Again Boone crept downward, feeling his way with eyes now on the altimeter, now on the blackness beyond the windshield. When the needle read 300, the clouds remained as impenetrable as ever.

"Still can't see you, Darkee."

"I can hear you plainly," said Darkee. "You are south of the tower now, about two miles. Fly 30°. That will bring you over the tower."

Boone banked quickly. In less than a minute, Darkee said, "Now you are exactly above me. Circle to the right and let down to 200 feet."

Boone nosed downward again, and at 200 feet saw what seemed to be an opening in the murk. Venturing to 150 feet, he could dimly make out the ground at times, but no sign of an airport.

"Where is the runway, Darkee? Will you shoot off a flare for me?" A beautiful green flame rocketed into the sky from almost directly below.

"We are right over you, Darkee, but can't see any runway."

"The runway is below you now. Circle and land! You will see it. Circle and land!"

As Boone circled desperately once more, Willie noticed that the fuel gauges read zero. Still no runway in sight.

"We are going to land," cried Boone. "Give us all the lights you've got, Darkee. We are out of gas. We have no choice." Just then there was a sputter from No. 4 engine as it died.

Suddenly, two lines of lights appeared below. Skillfully swinging around to line up with the runway, Daniel Boone put *Queen* steeply into the little field, an RAF fighter base. The wheels touched, bounced. She was rolling fast and

the runway was short. The brakes squealed and smoked, and Boone locked them, something to be done only in desperate circumstances.

When the big plane finally screeched to rest at the very end of the runway, Boone swung her around to taxi to the ramp. It was only then that Willie noticed that No. 3 engine was dead, too. At the ramp, the other two engines started to sputter. The tanks were dry. They had landed in the little town of Downham Market, 80 miles north of London.

When I last saw Willie, he was just out of the hospital after a nearly fatal automobile accident. He had broken a leg and an arm, several ribs, fractured his skull badly, and, as in the adventure over Britain, had escaped only with the skin of his soul.

As we walked across Union Square in New York City to lunch I noticed Willie would not venture a foot from the curb until the lights were indubitably in our favor. "I'm not taking any chances," said Willie reverently. "God has always pulled me through the pinches, and I'm not gonna put undue strain on our relations."



THE GREATEST OPTIMIST I ever knew was the woman who called an Internal Revenue office to find out what the tax was on a \$75,000 income. After she got the answer, she inquired further, "Now, what's the tax on \$150,000?"

She was given the answer, but was asked why she wanted to know. "Oh," she replied, "I'm trying to decide whether to buy one ticket or two on the Irish sweepstakes."

Kenneth Keating.

I'm going to let the Men of Distinction have their gracious living; personally, I'm going to stay awake after lunch and dinner from now on

I'm Through With Social Drinking

By ROBERT T. ALLEN

Condensed from *Maclean's's**

WHAT'LL I HAVE? A Moscow Mule? A Zanzibar Stinger? A Martini with a twist of lemon? No, thanks. If it's all the same to you, I'll just have a nice, hot cup of tea.

I have no moral prejudices about drinking, one way or the other. I've never attended a temperance lecture nor belonged to AA. I'm just going to quit, that's all. Life is too short. Drink has become the biggest obstacle to free movement since the traffic jam came to stay.

I'm not talking about alcoholism, drunk driving, problem drinking, or seeing bats come out of bureau drawers. I'm talking about social drinking. I'm talking about the kind of drinking that's respectable.

Trying to stay fashionably corked has become a nation-wide waste of time, energy, good liquor, good money, and good intentions. It's also the biggest all-around nuisance since that time 20 years ago when we all started sending one another chain letters.



I'm going to start getting back to some of the things we used to enjoy. I want to start going to parties again where people pay some attention to what you're saying, instead of sitting and

wondering whether the host is going to produce a jug.

Fifteen years ago at nine out of ten parties, you didn't wait for your host to produce a crock. You waited for him to produce his Benny Goodman records. Then you sat around listening to hit tunes, later had toasted cheese sandwiches and a lot of good talk, and went home humming.

I was at a party the other night with six people I've known for about 20 years. We all greeted one another noisily, took off our hats and coats, sat down, and started to talk. Ten minutes later, everyone stopped talking, except for a few tentative remarks. We just sat around with vague, forgotten little smiles on our faces, as if waiting for the reading of a will.

*481 University Ave., Toronto 2, Ont., Canada. April 2, 1955. Copyright 1955 by Maclean-Hunter Publishing Co., Ltd., and reprinted with permission.

Eventually the host stood up, smiled, and started punching his palm with his fist. He said, "Well, would anyone like a drink?" Suddenly it sounded like the floor of the stock exchange. Everyone started laughing, telling stories, lighting cigarettes, and showing one another their cigarette lighters as if they had just been invented. It was so obvious what everyone had been waiting for that there were a few thoughtful looks afterward.

My friends aren't serious drinkers and probably never will be. They started drinking for the same reason that everyone was getting TV that year, or building barbecue pits. But they got into the habit of holding a wet glass in their hands before they got going, and it was just a matter of waiting for things to fall into their familiar pattern, like waiting for the guy upstairs to drop the other shoe.

I'm just as bad, or worse. I don't know where I'm going to run into a jug. I'm like one of those rats the scientists keep fooling by putting pieces of cheese in different places. In the old days you drank in bars, at stag parties, conventions, Christmas parties, and at the homes of bachelors, whom all wives hated. You knew where you were. Drinking was obviously stupid, spectacular, relaxing, delightful, and manifestly impossible as a way of life. Now it is the social way of life.

Before I became a social drinker,

I used to read in the evenings, make things in the basement, and work out schemes to get rich quick. Then, around 11, I'd have a snack and go to bed.

Since drinking became as respectable as Yorkshire pudding, I've started having cocktails before supper, just like in the movies. What we forget, however, is that those gay people in the movies are drinking tinted water so that they can stay awake as long as the director wants them to. Three Martinis before supper make me gay, too, up until dessert. From then on I'm about as gay as someone with asthma.

Once I decided the trouble was that I wasn't drinking wine, like civilized people. All really cultured people knew wine. It went with bright jests, money, beautiful women, stag hunting, and boar shooting.

I started serving white wine with white meat, red wine with red meat, and pouring a little bit in my own glass first to indicate, I suppose, that I wasn't going to poison my family. I'd have sherry out of a bottle wrapped in burlap; pale sauterne with my meal, a liqueur after my meal. Then I'd light a cigar and fall sound asleep for the evening.

If this is gracious living, give me pitching horseshoes. That Man of Distinction may look pretty impressive, but I'll bet if anybody gave him a push, he'd fall over

with that same aristocratic little smile on his face and fall sound asleep for the night.

When I meet an old friend, I want to be able to talk to him normally again about things like the weather and his kids' tonsils without getting so snarled up in talking about drink that it sounds like a revival meeting.

A little while ago, I visited a tall, underpaid high-school teacher I've known for years. His wife and he are good friends of mine, but I hadn't seen them for years. I wanted to talk about old times. A drink was the farthest thing from my mind.

It probably was from his, too. But between my phone call and the time I arrived, he'd remembered that he didn't have anything to drink in the house. He began to wonder if maybe he'd better slip out and get something.

He didn't get anything. But it was still on his mind. He told me that he was sorry, but he hadn't been able to get out to get any liquor that day. I said if I'd known that I'd have brought some up. Right away he figured that I was disappointed that there were no drinks. He began to apologize.

I started to explain to him that I really could be happy without a drink, that I didn't need it at all. Every time I said so, it sounded more unlikely. We talked about nothing else but whether we could take a drink or leave it alone. And

we each wondered uneasily whether the other was becoming an alcoholic.

I read the other day that doctors see many people who are afraid of becoming alcoholics. Many of these people are no more alcoholics than your Aunt Emily. They've been sucked in by this weird game that has been causing problems since men started burying coconuts to ferment.

I'm going to start planning my evenings again, without running the chance that the whole plan will be upset when some character hands me a highball, and says proudly, "It's the same that they're serving in the Ruby room, only with more vodka."

Two nights ago I dropped in on a guy whose wife had always been one of those women who connect drink with police stations, psychiatric wards, and broken homes. She wouldn't allow it in the house.

But this night I hadn't been at his house ten minutes when my host got up, went into that well-known routine of squeezing his hands together and teetering on the balls of his feet, and asked, "What would you like? I've got rye, beer, Scotch, vodka, sherry, bourbon, brandy, and gin. Or I could make you a Green Twister."

I spun around to look at his wife, expecting her to jump out of her chair. She looked up at him, and said, "Why don't you make that new drink of yours?"

Later, when I got her husband alone and pointed out that his wife—uh—seemed sort of different about drink, I discovered that this girl had been gradually and unconsciously conditioned by the times.

She still didn't like to drink: she made a face after each swallow, as if she had a strep throat. But she was a very simple, romantic girl. Her ideas about drink had been romantic to begin with: all about little barefooted, tearful children trying to pry the old man away from a crock.

Now she had simply turned the picture inside out. Drink had become gay and fashionable. During the past five years she had seen her most respected friends take drinks. She had seen her favorite movie stars drink enough to float a dinghy without even leaning to one side. Her favorite gifte shoppe had advertised "cocktail glasses for the discriminating hostess." She had always been a fervent fashion follower.

Now, drink had become fashionable. It was as impossible to hold out against as television.

Nowadays there's no way of telling who drinks and who doesn't. And that's one of the things I don't like about social drinking. We haven't any standards any more. In the old days, people from homes that were dry were, by and large, dry. They had, when you mentioned a drink, a certain chill look that

did you good, like getting up early to go duck hunting, or studying Latin before breakfast.

Now, while this kind of guy is looking at you with the same hereditary expression of cold disapproval he is at the same time cracking ice and arranging trays so that they bristle with swizzle sticks.

I've given up trying to figure who drinks and who doesn't. But I know one thing. From now on I'm going to know exactly what my alcoholic content will be at the end of a given day. It will be zero. I'm going to wake up slapping my chest and go crowing under the shower like a rooster. No more hang-overs for me.

From now on, when I ask someone to a business lunch, I'm going to have nothing on my mind but where we can get some fried scallops. For the past five years, most times when I meet someone for lunch we've gone through a ritual trying to figure out where we can get drinks at a place that also sells food.

The only time I ever have a normal, unstimulated talk with a businessman is when I happen to run into one by accident and find him spending his lunch hour in the old-fashioned way—just eating.

As I sit there waiting for the soup to arrive, I'm going to talk normally and freely, say what I meant to say, and get back to work on time.

Being a writer, I haven't worked in an office for quite a while now. But I'll never forget when I did, coming back from those business lunches with drinks first, sitting at my desk, pencil poised and dozing until about three o'clock, or trying to pick up from where I left off on a letter I'd been dictating before I went to lunch.

From now on there's going to be no drinking for me before lunch, during lunch, after work, before supper or after supper. Drinking, even social drinking, is just a nuisance. The fact that a

binge is called a cocktail party doesn't make it any easier to wake up in the morning. For every deal made over a drink there are two deals lost. Maybe it loosens things up, but more often it louses things up.

I'm tired of thinking about drinking, talking about drinking, and listening to other people talk about drinking. I'm tired of waiting for someone to put a drink in my hand before I start to talk, like a mace at a secret club.

In short, I'm sick of social drinking. That's why I am going to quit.



The Babe's Last Days

I WAS CHAPLAIN at French hospital, New York, when Babe Ruth died. For the record, I'd like to add my recollections to the story of his life.

The Babe didn't just "return to the sacraments." He received Communion many times during his last days. I would explain to him that he didn't have to keep the strict fast because of his illness. But his nurse told me that from midnight until he received, he always kept the strict fast, even though she repeated what I had said about the permitted exemptions.

One occasion in particular I remember well. His room was always filled with old friends. One evening, he told me that he thought they would be gone by 10 P.M., and that I could come around soon after to hear his Confession.

It must have been a good evening of chat, because when I came, his friends were still there. I was about to say I would come back later, but the Babe would have none of it. Good-naturedly but firmly, he told his guests to leave, saying, "We've got to do this thing up right."

I saw him for the last time the Friday before he died. I had never known him to bewail or complain of his illness, and this was true on that last Friday. He was perfectly resigned, didn't have much to say. "It's all right, Father," he said simply. "God knows best. Thank everybody for their kindness."

Francis X. Quinn, C.S.C.

*Montreal's \$75 million project is
for the destitute of "no man's
land": for those no present
social agency can help*

City of Charity



By J. FRANK WILLIAMS
Condensed from the *Apostle**

A \$75 million City of Charity to house 10,000 of Montreal's most destitute persons is rising in suburban Pointe aux Trembles. It will comprise a score of fireproof buildings on Sherbrooke St., with modern hospital and welfare facilities. Each unit will accommodate at least 500 persons.

The monetary estimate is based on today's labor and materials costs. However, only a few thousand dollars actually will be required to meet unforeseen emergencies, because all the labor and materials for this City of Charity are being donated, as are the food, fuel, and clothing needed to maintain it.

This is a work of the purest love. Thousands of people, Catho-

lics and non-Catholics, rich and poor, are cooperating by contributing time and talents, with all the eagerness of happy children at play.

The focal structure will be a great chapel. The other buildings will radiate from it like spokes from a central hub. The undertaking is the greatest and most unusual of its kind ever attempted in the New World. It is a "United Nations" with no distinction of race, creed or color.

This City of Charity will take about 25 years to complete. The original estimate was 50 years, but the time has been halved because of the enthusiastic rush toward its support.

The site has been partly cleared, and already a half dozen small buildings have been erected, including a pavilion which houses more than 100 destitute persons.

Sherbrooke St., on which it is located, bisects Greater Montreal, a world crossroad of land, sea and air commerce with a population of approximately 1½ million. But few using this busy traffic artery know the story behind the road sign which reads: "God is Love—Fire-side of Charity".

It owes its birth to Paul Emile Cardinal Leger. When named Archbishop of Montreal in 1950, this 46-year-old member of the Sulpician Order was completing three years as rector of the Canadian college in Rome. He cabled immediately, "The little ones, the

*23715 Ann Arbor trail, Dearborn, Mich. June, 1955. Copyright 1955, and reprinted with permission.

humble, the poor, the sick will be the chosen portion of our fold."

During his years in Italy he had visited Turin, where a saintly priest, Cottolengo, had founded a refuge for the destitute. Cottolengo, as that institution is known, became a challenge to the new archbishop. Less than a month after taking over his duties in Montreal he had founded his own City of Charity.

It differs from all other hospital and welfare projects. There are institutions for persons suffering from physical diseases, for the blind, deaf mutes, the mentally retarded, the insane; there are homes for orphans, abandoned children, and the aged.

To qualify for civic help in Montreal, a destitute person must be a resident for at least one year; to obtain aid from other welfare and parochial bodies there are certain basic requirements which must be met. Cardinal Leger's project was planned to take care of the sick and destitute in the no man's land of charity.

I visited the center recently. In a hospital bed was a 13-year-old boy who had only two slits where his eyes should be and who suffered from other diseases. Mentally he was bright. But he could not be housed in an institute for the blind because of the treatment which his other ailments necessitated, and he could not be kept indefinitely in a general hospital, for he would be there for years. In Montreal alone,

there are 10,000 persons similarly in the no man's land of charity.

To be admitted to this growing City of Charity one must be absolutely destitute, without one cent of income or pension. Thus, aged men and women who qualify for Canada's old-age pensions are not admitted; there are other institutions for them.

The first patient was an aged Russian, a non-Catholic. He had not been in Montreal long enough to qualify for civic aid nor in Canada long enough to qualify for the old-age pension. He had built himself a shack on the city dump.

There he was found dying. The recently founded City was notified, and he was admitted immediately. He died three months later; but those last three months were made comfortable and happy for him.

The City of Charity does not, and will not, receive one cent from any civic, provincial or federal authority, nor does it share in any community-chest appeal. It counts solely on Providence and the generosity of friends. Early skeptics have become enthusiastic supporters.

There is no elaborate board of directors. To start the work, Cardinal Leger chose Father Oliva Belanger, an energetic 41-year-old priest of warm personality. Father Belanger, son of a Montreal laborer, helped to put himself through college by playing in a jazz orchestra. He is a former army chaplain.

With only \$3.50 in his pocket, Father Belanger moved into an old donated barn. That small property was the nucleus of a site which today has three-quarters of a mile frontage on Sherbrooke St., and a depth of a mile and a quarter.

The barn was a windowless shell. Friends donated three windows and a door, and helped make the barn habitable. That was in February, 1951, the very middle of Canadian winter.

Today Father Belanger is assisted by 28-year-old Father Gaston Peron, who came to him a year after his ordination. They are the only two Religious directing this City of Charity. Under them is a layman who is both an experienced accountant and architect. This man formerly directed a staff of 400 people; and a year ago he turned down a \$15,000 job to devote his life to this work. He does not receive one cent of pay, and depends on generosity of others for food and clothing.

The lay director is only one of a score of men and women who have forsaken the world. They come from the trades and the professions. They pledge themselves to poverty, obedience, and chastity, but do not form a Religious Community. They are free to leave at any time. None has. All seem supremely happy. When I walked unheralded into the sewing room the women were singing at their work.

Six hundred destitute persons already have passed through the portals of this City of Charity. Death has claimed 33, and five of these have been buried in a recently opened cemetery.

All persons admitted to the home are expected to give as much help as they can to its operation. Thus the blind aid those who are unable to walk or are otherwise crippled; and the latter may act as eyes for the blind and tongues for the mute.

A combination of work, hope founded on prayer, and fresh air in happy surroundings restored many to good health and gave them a new confidence. They went back into the world, to regain places of service and trust.

Staff and patients are on an equal footing. One helps the other, each receives the same treatment.

Up to now, 9,000 people from all walks of life have joined in giving their time and talents to this great undertaking. Each week, on Saturdays and other holidays, you can find groups of volunteers helping in the clearing of the ground, building, painting, repairing, and cleaning.

Such work bees bring together groups ranging between 50 and 500. Employers and employees work side by side. One day there may be 500 carpenters, bricklayers, electricians, plumbers, painters or other tradesmen. Another day there may be only 200. On one occasion, 1,000 were present.

The unskilled join forces with skilled laborers. There may be classes of university students, there may be multiskilled firemen and policemen. Or there may be monks and other Religious groups. And while the men go about the heavier tasks, women feed the workers and assist in the sewing and washing at the home. Cardinal Leger delights in mingling with the workers at construction bees, and he knows how to hammer, shovel, and saw.

Since December, 1952, not a cent has had to be spent on food. All has been donated, by established groceries and big and small stores and by individuals. For one two-week period, no meat was on hand, but several ducks which had been gracing an artificial pond near the main building and two donated goats helped out.

Near the present main building are several smaller quarters. They include the first barn where Father Belanger began his work, which now is a fully equipped carpenter shop. There are a nursing residence for visiting nurses and infirmarians, and a building for men who help about the grounds. Another building houses the shoemaking, electrical, and plumbing shops. In still another building, refugee persons or evicted families find temporary shelter. A bus carries visitors

to the center from the end of the carline some blocks away; there are also two trucks, a station wagon, and a small English-make car. All have been donated.

The "physical plant" as it stands today, including buildings and equipment, all donated, has a monetary value of more than \$750,000.

City barbers offer their services in rotation; city doctors send supplies of all kinds needed for sickrooms, and there is always sufficient on hand to meet the requirements of several months. Nurses, student nurses, and nurses' aides give their time without charge; four doctors make regular calls, and 15 city specialists are on call any hour of the day or night; 18 city dentists take turns donating their services.

A friend installed a modern incinerator; other friends installed two large electrically operated oil furnaces; at the moment the City of Charity has to pay for the oil it uses, one of the few costs it has to meet. To clear the large tract, the authorities prayed for a bulldozer: a contractor donated one worth \$10,000.

Daily, the hours of free labor, the handicraft of loving and willing hands are growing. This union of hearts and hands in this great undertaking of charity is a marvel to behold.

Courage: Fear that has said its prayers.

John J. Pershing.

*Eyebrows are lifted, but needed help
comes quickly*

Sister Fendabenda at the Wheel

By "SISTER FENDABENDA"
Condensed from *Columbia**



WHEN PEGGY POSTULANT entered the convent a few years ago, she tore up her driver's license and patted the family Buick good-by. Today as a professed Religious, Sister Peggy is driving a carload of her Sisters to and from school each day. The number of parochial schools has increased; thus it often becomes necessary to staff new schools and missions with Sisters living at the motherhouse. This means Sister drivers.

Pedestrians still stare at our Sister drivers, especially as they swing into the stream of traffic with their various vehicles. There is Sister Ignitia taking Sisters to doctor or dentist in a black station wagon trimmed in red. Sister Damascene drives with her companions in a 12-passenger airlines limousine to the new high school.

Perhaps the vehicle most responsible for stiff necks is the little truck converted into a bus. It sports a bright yellow body with flickering red lights on top, and seats so arranged that passengers face

each other choir to choir. Every day, Mother Accelerata, the principal, climbs into the bus, gathers up her faculty, and pilots them to and from school. With variations, she has adopted St. Paul's maxim: "I have fought a good fight with competing motorists; I have run my course on the right of the yellow line; I have kept the faith, confident that God is watching over the little yellow bus full of Sisters doing his work."

Perhaps it's the contrast between the medieval habits and the modern cars—but the sight of a nun driving inevitably brings out the chivalry of man. Any number of such 20th-century knights can be found on busy New York City parkways.

One afternoon last winter, a car full of nuns rolled blithely along the parkway, squeezing ahead and "merging" slowly and meekly, acting as any well-behaved auto should. The rush hour was on. The nuns approached the exit from the Triborough bridge. A large placard

*Box 1670, New Haven 7, Conn. June, 1955. Copyright 1955, and reprinted with permission.

loomed up before Sister Justa Martyr: "Long Island—Northwest—Keep Left."

"Can it be the wind?" she thought as the car veered left.

A bantering voice from the seat beside her murmured, "Right, dear, not left. I knew you needed glasses!" A forthcoming witty remark stuck in Sister's throat as the car shivered violently and stopped. A chorus of feminine moans broke out.

Matter-of-factly, Sister Justa Martyr opened the car door a crack. Inspection seemed in order. Swish! That one just missed her! Squeezing through the crack, she hopped around to the front of the car. Horrors! A tire was all but off the rim!

From the car, a frantically waving arm drew her attention to an emergency phone booth. Up the embankment she scrambled. She grasped the icy phone, and listened. Not a sound but the blaring of horns and the whiz of traffic.

She turned dejectedly back toward the car. The blaring racket was coming from that direction. Panic gripped her. "Police—traffic jam—the *Daily News*—pictures" tumbled helter-skelter into her mind. "Oh, what will Mother say?"

A manly voice jerked her back to reality. "Got a spare, Sister?" The imaginary traffic jam dissolved.

A beautiful black spare was hauled from its rack. The knightly gentleman set up reflectors to

ward off approaching cars as he launched into his jacking job. The wind soon knocked the reflectors over; and Sister Justa Martyr realized that no matter how encouraging her chatter might be, their rescuer needed a more practical kind of moral support. She smilingly proceeded to wave traffic on.

Major error of 1955! Several more drivers now pulled over to inquire how they might help. Horns blared, drivers shouted at each other. A real traffic jam was under way. But by that time the spare tire was on the wheel. Sister Justa Martyr climbed back into the driver's seat, thanked her rescuer, and breathed a prayer for all Knights of the Highway.

Not all observers, however, take Sister drivers in their stride. There was that summer day on the Penn turnpike. The trip from Pittsburgh to New Haven was a long one; all passengers in the light green Dodge were dozing, except for the driver, Sister Mary Wheeler.

Traffic was whizzing. Sister Mary Wheeler kept the Dodge in the far right lane. A new blue, open-top, custom-made, leather-lined Pontiac passed on the left. Golf equipment, two hatboxes, a cooler, and a boxer dog occupied the rear seat of this neat job. In the front seat sat a suave, blonde, fortyish couple. The gentleman glanced back at Sister and her dozing companions. His jaw fell an inch.

The Dodge ate away a few miles

and passed several cars, including the out-of-this-world Pontiac. Time and traffic moved on.

A second time, the Dodge was passed on the left by the Pontiac. This time the gentleman did more than glance. He took a long, careful look at Sister Mary Wheeler. Then, in amazement, he remarked audibly to his companion, "Holy smoke, Mabel—it is!"

Policemen are usually the Sister driver's best friend, although at times they tend to regard her as a well-meaning but mentally retarded citizen. One morning, Sister Fauxpasita steered her Fordful of nuns into open country. They were looking for a new route to school, and this one certainly looked promising. As they traveled on, however, the Sisters began to notice signs marked "One Way" posted at frequent intervals. Then other signs began to appear: "Government Property—Keep Off"—"All Violators of Ordinance No. 117775 Will Be Prosecuted."

Something was definitely wrong. Things seemed worse when the Sisters observed their surroundings. Runways stretched on either side of them and Sabrejets were popping off from odd places on the field. Mechanics and pilots hurried about. Above, the shriek of speeding jets pierced the pandemonium below.

Fear was steadily rising inside the car. It became panic when, just beyond a bend, Sister Faux-

pasita spied a placard reading "Motor Vehicles—Beware of Low-Flying Planes."

Belligerent cars whipped past, barring retreat, and the large gates the nuns were approaching looked menacingly official. But as they neared the gates a general sigh of relief swept the car: up ahead, hand on hip, stood the Sisters' never-failing champion, the trusty policeman.

Sister Fauxpasita pulled up and smiled. The officer's hand did not stir from his hip, and his expression did not change as he said, "Lady, you got a mechanic's card or a pilot's license? If you don't, you don't belong on this road."

"I know, and I'm sorry, and I guess I took the wrong turn, but what shall I do?"

"Go back the way you came. Sorry, ma'am, but this is government property."

Sister Fauxpasita gulped as she gazed at the endless streams of traffic behind her. That road again! With a whispered prayer, she obediently turned the car around as best she could in such heavy traffic.

Giving the officer another wan smile, she prepared to start off. Just as she was pulling away, however, the policeman, whose expression had softened slightly by this time, put his hand on the door, and said, "Gee, lady, you Sisters are swell and we all like you, but we never know if you're comin' or goin'."

One policeman will never be forgotten by Sister Caratissima and her companion, Sister Wisteria, who were engaged in census taking. One day, as they were leaving a small farmhouse a few miles from Hodgesville, they were overtaken by Mrs. Baldi. She had come to them with a tearful entreaty for her wayward son, Gio, who had been baptized Angelico Giovanni Furioso Baldi.

Gio was an alcoholic. He had been visiting the Hodgesville jail at frequent intervals for years. No one thought much about it, except his mother.

The Saturday night before, however, Gio had thrown a brick through the plate-glass window of a department store because the gaudy clothing displayed there offended his aesthetic sense. For this, he had been sentenced to 60 days at hard labor.

Then Mrs. Baldi decided to set out in search of the Sisters. Neither of them had ever had any experience with jails, but they determined to visit this straying lamb.

Climbing into their venerable Plymouth, they started off for Hodgesville. Sister Wisteria turned to Sister Caratissima, and said, "I know St. Catherine of Siena visited jails, and I'm grateful for the opportunity to follow her example, but she lived in Siena. We don't even know where the Hodgesville jail is."

"I never thought of that," ad-

mitted Sister Caratissima. "We certainly can't ask any pedestrian we meet. Think of the impression."

Although the signs advised that the speed limit was 40 miles an hour, the speedometer registered 60. Sister Caratissima had no time to spare for nonessentials. Over to the right, a large billboard depicted a man sipping a glass of whisky, and Sister Wisteria mentally shook her fist at this root of Gio's trouble. They were whizzing past the sign when Sister Caratissima suddenly slammed on the brakes and pulled to the side of the road. Peeping from behind the sign, barely visible to the naked eye, was the wheel of a motorcycle. The remainder of the vehicle and its rider were well hidden behind the billboard.

Sister Caratissima poked her head out of the window, and called. The young officer, rather surprised at his summons, pulled out of his hiding place and chugged up to the car.

"Can I help you, Sister?"

"Well, yes, please," responded Sister Caratissima. "We are lost. Could you tell us how to find the Hodgesville jail?"

The startled policeman stared, coughed, and reddened noticeably. Making an admirable effort to control his facial muscles, he said, "Follow me, Sisters."

He kicked his starter, flicked the button on his siren, and they were off. Entering the town at breakneck speed, they left a trail of astonished

motorists' in their wake. As they pulled up to the jail, Sister Wisteria whispered to her companion, "St. Catherine of Siena had nothing on us!"

Gas-station attendants, too, have had some rare experiences with nuns. One such attendant scratched his head as he watched a strange-looking vehicle approaching. Up to the pump glided a car with its hood on end; and peering from behind this barricade was a red-faced nun.

"We pushed the button for lights," she smiled sheepishly, "and this is what happened!"

Sister Motorola stopped in front of a pump one day. "One gallon, please," she said, lowering the window.

"Pardon me, did you say one gallon?" asked the attendant.

"Yes, that's all I need to get home," replied Sister.

Then there was Sister Mary Carburetta, who was supposed to get the gas for the school car at Murray's, where it could be put on the charge account. Unaware that she had passed the station, she drove into another. Quickly, Sister Mary Axle informed her that this wasn't the right place, but before she could start the car the attendant came out smiling.

"May I help you, please?" he asked.

"Oh, no, thank you, we just noticed this was the wrong gas station," said Sister Carburetta.

"That's quite all right," answered the attendant, but without the smile.

The experience of Sister Mary Clutch was even more baffling. Sister and her three companions were enjoying the ride from Fordham to their convent one summer afternoon when Sister Mary Battery called from the back seat, "I think we have a flat. Let's stop here."

It was plain to be seen that Sister Mary Battery knew nothing about driving. "We just can't stop here in the middle of the main street," Sister Mary Clutch informed her. "We'll pull into the next filling station."

After a few minutes, Sister drew up at the nearest station. Immediately all four doors opened and a nun gracefully got out of each, bent over, looked at the tire near her, and glided back into the car. The bewildered attendant walked over slowly. "May I help you ladies?"

"No, thank you. Everything is all right," Sister Mary Clutch assured him sweetly as she drove away.



PART OF the trouble with modern marriage is that too many males think a successful man is one who makes more money than his wife can spend. And that too many females think a successful woman is one who can find such a man.

Chattanooga News-Free Press.

Mercury, Nev., is now the site of the explosion series that began ten years ago, July 16, 1945, at Alamogordo, N. M.

A-Bomb Test Town

By GLADWIN HILL

Condensed from the *New York Times Magazine**

THERE'S A TOWN in the Southwest with a post office, jail, and sheriff's office; yet it has no church, school, nor a single family. And although it appears on official maps, its population varies between 100 and more than 2,000. The town is Mercury, in Nevada, the "backyard" of the Atomic Energy commission's Los Alamos scientific laboratories and other western research centers, a place where devices developed in secret can be tried out in the open.

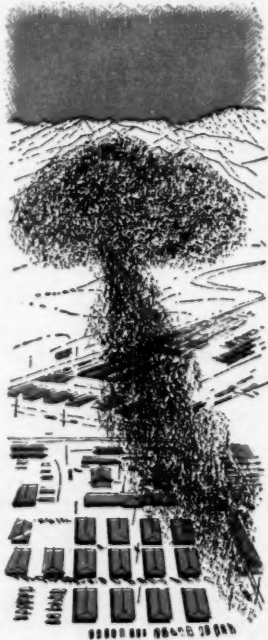
Mercury's citizens are scientists, engineers, technicians, administrative personnel, and the members of the "housekeeping" force. Months before each atomic-test series, the community's basic population of caretaking and guard personnel starts growing. It

reaches a peak at the time of the tests, and then tapers off again.

About 150 of the 2,000-odd maximum are women, mostly secretaries who otherwise work at Los Alamos or at the AEC's office in Las Vegas, the nearest sizable settlement. The town of Mercury also

has a steady stream of visitors, from laundrymen to Congressmen, 17,000 last year, when no tests were held.

Mercury is five miles north of U. S. 95, which runs from Las Vegas to Tonopah, and ten to 30 miles from the sites where the atomic blasts go off on the desert flats. It looks like a plush construction camp. Its one-story wooden buildings resemble standard army structures, except that they are painted an attractive apple green. They have reflective roofs and spe-



*Times Square, New York City 36. Feb. 13, 1955. Copyright 1955 by the New York Times Co., and reprinted with permission.

cial insulation, for temperatures range from freezing in winter to 115° in summer.

Mercury's streets bear the code names of atomic-test series. The administration building is on the corner of Ranger Ave. and Buster St. One thoroughfare is named Crossroads Ave., in commemoration of the historic Bikini tests. The name *Mercury* was taken over from the first telephone exchange.

Mercury's people lead a military-post sort of life, sleeping in dormitories, eating in cafeteria mess halls, buying supplies at a canteen. For diversion there is a recreation hall with nightly movies, and baseball, basketball, and volleyball grounds.

Two leading pastimes are horse-shoe pitching and rock hunting. Church services are held in the movie theater. The jail is there just in case; in the three years since Mercury's establishment, no one has ever been put into it.

For months on end, while the AEC is busy elsewhere, Mercury lapses into its pristine desert solitude. The stillness is broken only by occasional passing tourists, who venture down the road to the reservation to see if they can get inside. Guards materialize at the gate to fend them politely away.

During preparatory periods, Mercury has a businesslike but very unspectacular atmosphere that reminds manager Seth R. Woodruff, Jr., of his years on dam-build-

ing projects with the U.S. Corps of Engineers. In and out of the base's sprawling storage yards move lumber, electrical gear, and big earth-moving machines. Trucks rumble up and down the highway to the explosion area, hauling men and equipment. Administrative and maintenance work proceeds as smoothly as at a bank.

As test time approaches, the pace accelerates. The movements of hundreds of people are geared intricately into a precise time schedule. Lights burn and trucks rumble all night. The workday for many lengthens from eight hours to 12 or 18; people going to bed meet others just turning out.

The critical time is 9 P.M. on the night before a scheduled explosion. Then, at a "weather briefing," the heads of a dozen collaborating divisions report on their readiness. Weather is the decisive factor in every decision to proceed with a test. It has to be right for the scientific observations—the millionth-of-a-second timing devices, the millionth-of-a-curie radiation detectors, the million-picture-a-second cameras—and it has to be right for the radioactive products of the explosion to be dispersed harmlessly.

Then the nerve center of the operation shifts briefly from Mercury proper to the control point, a concrete blockhouse 22 miles up the reservation road overlooking the test areas, Yucca flat and French-

Last May's atomic test shot was postponed so long that one wit cracked: "Relax, there won't be any atomic warfare. The weather will never be good enough."

Bob DeHaven in the *Minneapolis Tribune* (2 May '55).

man flat. Only persons immediately concerned with the operation are allowed in this forward area.

But except for such occasions, work at the base goes on as usual. The people there are not significantly closer to atomic secrets than wayfarers on U.S. 95. Some sleep through the early morning explosions; others get up to look at them, just like people outside.

Many of Mercury's citizens are not even AEC people. Just about everything but the actual preparation and detonation of the "bombs" is performed by private contractors, from the construction of test paraphernalia to the guarding of the site.

Each test series involves millions of dollars' worth of special installations. For one test alone, the erection of eight steel towers on which bombs were detonated cost \$482,000.

Security precautions appear at first glance to be slight. The 640-square-mile reservation is not even fenced, and it looks as if anyone could walk in. Actually, regulation is so rigorous that on only one occasion has any unauthorized person come close to the actual test

area. He was an amateur flier who lost his way and landed near some test towers on Yucca flat in 1953. The landing was obviously inadvertent because it was made a couple of days after an explosion. The flier was lucky to escape becoming radioactive.

Gray-uniformed guards stop all visitors at a gate a half mile short of Mercury on the only road leading into the reservation. Aliens are barred, and no one can get into the base without escort unless he has had federal security clearance. Only people with the topmost *Q* clearance are admitted to sensitive sections of the town and the reservation beyond. Even Manager Woodruff must show his badge every time he enters or leaves his office.

Beyond Mercury proper another guard cordon screens people going up the highway toward the control point. More guards bar access to the test flats themselves whenever there is anything more there than barren, scorched desert.

People who worry about being showered with radioactive "fall out" from the Nevada explosions might be reassured if they saw how placidly Mercury takes its proximity to atomic explosions. The only hint of danger comes from arrowed signs on the streets marked "Evacuation Route," a precaution against an unexpected wind's wafting radioactive air or dust onto the base.

Mercury's buildings are specially

reinforced against concussion. In a couple of early tests, windows were broken and a few boards loosened. Since then, however, on the basis of minor blast damage in Las Vegas and a few other Nevada communities, the scientists think they can anticipate atmospheric conditions that cause shock waves to bounce across the countryside and hit settlements. The chief precaution taken during Mercury tests is keeping doors and windows open to avoid shock damage.

Once the highway leading to the reservation's distant north gate became temporarily radioactive. For a day or two the gate guards had to come to work by helicopter. But there have been no radiation injuries, and the base's only three deaths were in automobile accidents.

In Mercury, the community closest to the atomic bomb, there is not much talk about atomic secrets. Atomic explosions have become as commonplace as doughnuts in a doughnut factory. And security posters rule out test details as a subject of casual conversation.

It is a matter of common knowl-

edge that parts of the "nuclear devices" are brought in by truck or plane, stored in a warehouse at the control point, and assembled only just before the time for their detonation.

Few persons on the base know much more about what is going on than people on the outside. Secret information is revealed only on a "need to know" basis, and people generally follow the example of Manager Woodruff: "I try to find out as little as possible about what doesn't immediately concern my job of running the base. I've often thought that if the Russians ever got hold of me, they'd expect somebody in my position to know all about atomic bombs. As a matter of fact, I wouldn't be able to tell them anything."

Mercury personnel undoubtedly get some subtle stimulus out of being connected with such important work. But the prevailing outlook is that expressed recently by a Mercury painter.

Referring to the explosions, he said, "I don't feel they affect me one way or another. I'm just painting a building."



Star Spangled

THE EIGHT-YEAR-OLD son of a British diplomat had been going to school in the U. S. for three years. Home in England on his vacation, a band struck up *God Save the Queen*, and he proudly showed off his education by singing a loud, penetrating *My Country, 'Tis of Thee!* letter-perfect, right to the end.

As the music stopped, a shocked British voice pierced the silence: "My word! The boy's been brainwashed!"

The Argonaut.

Nancy and Peggy owe their happiness to a group of New York women



Big Sisters for Troubled Girls



By EDWARD B. HAUCK

Condensed from the *Christian Family**

THE CITY OF NEW YORK recognized 53 years ago the importance of handling juvenile cases apart from regular court sessions. It established the Children's court. A New York priest, Father John Kincaid, attended the first session of the new court. He was there as representative of the Catholic Ladies of Charity of New York. He had suggested that they form a committee to help victims of misfortune, neglect, error, and malice. The suggestion was warmly received.

Ever since, the Ladies of Charity have cared for the material and spiritual welfare of thousands of girls gone astray. Until 1950, they concerned themselves only with Catholic girls 16 years of age and under, who came within the jurisdiction of the Children's court. Since then, they have broadened their scope to take in young women from 16 to 21 years from the Girls' Term court.

The primary mission of the

women is to take over after a case has been referred to them by the court. But they will step in whenever a parent, school principal, relative, or other interested person requests help for a girl. When possible, they even try to correct the sources of trouble. For example, they seek work for a jobless father or give financial support to an impoverished family.

For the first ten years of their labor (1902-1912), Ladies of Charity also acted as ex-officio probation officers. The courts have since had their own professional probation officers.

During the early days, the volunteer workers were known simply as the Catholic Committee for the Court. Protestants and Jews followed their lead, and formed similar committees. In 1912, the Protestant committee created the name Big Sister, soon adopted by the Catholic and Jewish committees. All three groups have always worked in complete harmony.

**Techny, Ill. June, 1955. Copyright 1955, and reprinted with permission.*

The Catholic Big Sisters do not duplicate the work of other social agencies. They attend to needs which other organizations are not equipped to meet, or may neglect, because of staff or time limitations.

A Big Sister may, for example, buy clothes for her Little Sister; arrange for medical and dental care; see after her religious instruction and duties; visit her at her home; and help plan her recreation and social activities. Actually, however, there is no fixed definition of a Catholic Big Sister's relationship with her ward, unless bounds can be set on human sympathy and love.

"The Catholic Big Sister might be called a home doctor, since the child is a miniature of the home," says Mrs. Christopher Wyatt, president. "It is for the Big Sister to gauge the value of the environment; to disinfect and remove the danger of bad influences; to strengthen the defenses of the home."

The Catholic Big Sisters had under their protection last year more than 1,600 children. Their wards came to them from judges, probation officers, children's societies, school officials, and friends and relatives.

Last year, with Little Sisters in tow, the Big Sisters visited zoos and museums, attended circuses, rodeos, and movies, and lined up memberships in youth groups. They arranged for two-week summer vacations at camp for 565

children, seeing that they got physical examinations, were supplied with necessities, and taken to and from point of departure. The annual Christmas party was attended by 763 children and their families, who received gifts of money, food, clothing, and toys. Packages went to children in institutions.

Miss Hortense Baffa is a social worker who has been with the organization for 12 years, and has been its executive director since 1952. "In the strict sense, each girl is treated as an individual," Miss Baffa explains. "But the girls divide roughly into two classes: those whose cases have come into court, and those whose troubles can be corrected before they lead to a judge."

Peggy M. illustrates the first class. She was a pretty 15-year-old, who lived in constant fear of an alcoholic father. This drove her to steal \$40 from home and run away. For three months there was no trace of her.

Then one day the Children's court in New York received a call from an official of the juvenile court in a Connecticut city. The girl had been arrested for loitering around a roadside diner with a young man at 2 A.M. the day before.

Questioning the girl, Connecticut officials had found out that she was a runaway, and that she had been living in their city since the day she left home, and was sup-

porting herself by working in a laundry. Instead of holding her for court in their state, the Connecticut authorities sent her to the New York court.

When the case came before the judge, he got in touch with the Catholic Big Sisters and asked their help. The Big Sisters accepted. The first move was finding employment for the girl, now 16, and a place to live away from home. A Big Sister kept in constant contact with the girl, seeing after needs, and becoming her confidant. Under this wholesome influence the girl prospered materially and spiritually.

After a year she was able to get a better-paying job. Although her rehabilitation might have been considered complete, the Catholic Big Sister stands by, and will be in touch for years to come.

In a case of the second type, the Catholic Big Sisters exercised quick judgment in preventing a young girl from winding up in court. This was the case of 14-year-old Nancy C., whose mother was dead, and whose father was too old and too poor to care for her. Father and daughter lived in a dismal tenement district of Manhattan. When she could no longer bear this existence, the girl ran away.

The case was referred directly to the Catholic Big Sisters by an older friend of the girl. The youngster was speedily located, and placed under the Big Sisters' protection. The Big Sisters were able

to take her from the home and place her in a first-rate Catholic girls' academy. All expenses were paid from the pocketbook of her Big Sister. Nancy thrived in the new atmosphere, and after she was graduated obtained a good job. During these years her Big Sister maintained a close association with Nancy.

Sometime later, Nancy met a young medical student, and they became engaged. When he completed his medical studies they were married.

"I suppose you might say," Mrs. H. L. Cuddihy, an ex-president, says, "that she's living happily ever after."

Most of the Catholic Big Sisters are women of means, unhampered by pressing personal problems. They can, therefore, give complete attention to their Little Sisters. They attend court sessions but do not much concern themselves with legal details. This work is left to Miss Baffa and her staff of two social workers and a secretary.

The staff works full time. It keeps records of Catholic children in court; files on cases that have been assigned; cases referred them from sources other than court; and individual reports of the Big Sisters. It also maintains liaison with judges, probation officers, and other court officials.

Most of its \$18,500 budget is raised at an annual grand-scale luncheon and bridge party at the Waldorf-Astoria.

Both for fun and education

Vacation South of the Border

By HETTY COOPER

Condensed from *Parents' Magazine**



A TRIP TO MEXICO is fun at a bargain any time. It is twice the fun when it includes summer school for the whole family for less than it costs to stay at home. If you've been wishing for a trip to Mexico but have been putting it off because you're afraid of the cost, don't speak Spanish, or may get ill—well, here's what we did about it.

We rented our house for the summer and went off to see Mexico the summer-school way. My son Grant, a senior in high school, wanted a try at art school to find out whether he should major in art at college. Fifteen-year-old Kay wanted to take guitar lessons. As for myself, I am a widow working toward a teaching certificate at Arizona State college, and I needed some Spanish-literature credits.

We weren't sure whether our tired old car would make it. But, with light hearts and a tight budget of \$200 a month, we headed south of the border. Our destination was San Miguel de Allende and

the internationally famous art institute there.

You and your family can easily do the same. You will come back loaded with hand-woven rugs, ceramics, silver jewelry, hand-painted textiles, wood carvings, sculptures, landscapes, and painted figures. Best of all, you will have had the fun of making them yourself under the guidance of expert craftsmen.

You will learn to speak Spanish. What's more, in everyday living and sightseeing you will absorb some of Mexico's fascinating past and present. You will learn more about Mexicans, and they will learn more about you. For every American who thinks that all Mexicans wear a sombrero and sleep under a cactus all day, there is a Mexican who thinks all Americans look and act like Hopalong Cassidy.

San Miguel de Allende is a picturesque mountain town easily reached by car through the Laredo or El Paso gateways. It lies 1,000

*52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York City 17, April, 1955. Copyright 1955 by the Parents' Institute, Inc., and reprinted with permission.

miles down the well-paved Juarez-Mexico City highway, 250 miles north of Mexico City in a region known as the Cradle of Mexican Independence. There's history all around. Mexico's fight for independence in 1810, for example, will become real and thrilling to you.

You escape from intense summer heat, because San Miguel de Allende nestles among rolling blue-green hills at an altitude of 6,500 feet. Hot sun, cool shade, occasional showers add up to eternal springtime. You'll need covers at night and a wrap over light clothing by day.

Don't make the mistake of buying a lot of fancy new clothes for your trip to San Miguel. It's a country town, and life is simple. Most American women like to wear the hand-embroidered blouses and skirts made right there, the combination costing about \$5.

The biggest bargain, besides 18¢ haircuts, is dressmaking. The cost of an expertly tailored handmade blouse is about 75¢. Everyone loves to buy the vivid hand-woven cottons called *cambayas* at 30¢ a yard and have them made up into clothing.

Even the men get enthusiastic. They sneak off to a seamstress with bundles of material for the loudest sport shirts ever turned out on local sewing machines. "*Estos locos Americanos*," laughs Lupe, a popular dressmaker, holding up a red, yellow, and black striped sport shirt

she has just finished for an American male.

Americans have been finding their way to San Miguel de Allende in increasing numbers each year since the Instituto Allende was started there in 1938 by Americans and Mexicans. Some families go back every summer; others have even bought summer homes there. It is the answer to a low-cost vacation rich in profitable family fun and foreign travel.

Stirling Dickinson is director of the school. He teaches beginners Spanish, giving them a practical vocabulary in three month's time. One woman was surprised because *codfish* was included in a beginner's vocabulary. She saw the reason when she recognized the word on a menu later that day.

Two members in one family may attend the school on one tuition fee of \$40 a month. This includes as many courses as they desire. Most families come for the summer, but classes are offered all year round. You may start any time. Many people spend two weeks, others a month or two, and some come for a few weeks and stay a year.

Instruction is in English, although the faculty is international. Weaving is taught by Swedish Brita Sundholm; figure and mural-painting instructor is James Pinto from Yugoslavia; Dr. Francisco Olsina, from Barcelona, Spain, teaches anatomy for artists and the advanced

Spanish class. John Baldwin, a Californian, has the landscape class, while pottery, wood carving, jewelry, and photography are taught by Mexican craftsmen.

One of our biggest thrills was to find that classes were held in an old Spanish palace with lovely patios, landscaped gardens, and well-equipped studios and workshops.

The landscape class meets three mornings a week to sketch and paint local daily life in some hidden nook. There are plenty of scenes right at hand. There's the old San Antonio church on a hill overlooking the town where the village *señoritas* come to pray. Then there are the *chorros*, public wash tubs, where women slap the family laundry against stone slabs until it becomes triumphantly white. Most charming is the market, with its lopsided sun umbrellas, its rows of pottery, and little mountains of fruits and vegetables.

Room and board can be had for as little as \$50 a month at small boarding houses or hotels. We were well satisfied with an apartment with fireplace, bath, and roof terrace for \$130 a month, including meals and maid service for the three of us.

We especially loved our balcony, from which we watched the glorious sunsets, and below, San Miguel continuously on parade. Tiny burros clopped by under towers of produce, milk cans, and firewood.

Round women in *rebozos* and checked aprons stopped to gossip; or, with children in their arms and baskets on their heads, went back and forth along the street to market.

It was from the balcony that Kay thrilled to her first *gallo*, a serenade by street singers just before dawn. Mexican *señoritas* honored with a *gallo* listen discreetly from behind curtains, but Kay charged right out onto the balcony.

Meals at our hotel were simple but substantial. *Señora* Maria, who runs the place, never worried about how much, but how little, one ate. A poor appetite made her sad. And the candles we put on the tables in protest to the one light bulb dangling from the ceiling, made Don Ramon sad. "In Mexico," he said, "one lights candles only for the dead."

Some families prefer to rent a house. If you are early, say May or the first part of June, you may find one for as little as \$17 a month. Rents go up during July and August. Houses make up in charm and space what they lack in mechanical conveniences. But what you will overlook for one of those romantic patios with flowers and fountains!

They say that the average tourist never knows what goes on behind San Miguel's huge wooden doors and high walls. But as a summer-school student there, you will find the town's families friend-

ly and hospitable. You will get to know the Mexican way of life much more than you would as a tourist, watching the scenery whizz by your car window all day and checking into an Americanized hotel in a different spot every night.

Saturday afternoons and Sundays are filled with sightseeing. An hour's ride by bus brings you to Dolores Hidalgo, famous for the Hidalgo house. The house is now a museum, but was formerly the home of the fiery priest and patriot, Padre Hidalgo, who gave the famous cry for freedom back in 1810.

Our afternoon in Dolores was well spent. We went into family production at a ceramic workshop. The *maestro* furnished us with glazed plates ready for a hand-painted design. While Grant, as family artist, painted typical scenes in the centers, Kay and I inscribed the Spanish words of some of her favorite songs around the rims.

Two hours from San Miguel is Queretaro, where Maximilian, the unfortunate emperor, was imprisoned and executed. It is also the place to buy opals and other semi-precious gems.

The popular Taboado hot-spring swimming pool is only six miles distant and is handy for a swim in the long noon hour. Some like it best on full-moon nights.

Longer field trips for sketching and photography are made by special bus to Guanajuato, famous for its Spanish colonial atmosphere.

Steep, crooked, cobblestoned streets and balconied houses make it a storybook town. Here you will visit the Street of the Kiss. It is so narrow that a lover once leaned out of his window to kiss his sweetheart who lived on the other side of the street.

San Miguel's main sightseeing trip is the four-day ride by special bus to Paracutin, the volcano, and surrounding centers of popular folk art and handicrafts. Everyone comes back with all the pottery, lacquered trays, guitars, and serapes he can carry.

The best day for picture-taking is Sunday. They say in San Miguel that there is never a Saturday without sunshine or a Sunday without *rancheros*. *Rancheros* are the country cousins and Indian peons who come to town for Mass, market, and merrymaking.

Regional feasts also add color and movement to tranquil San Miguel. The *fiesta* of *Corpus Christi* takes place early in June. Then people dress as clowns, and dance through the streets from dawn to dark. But a solemn religious procession ends the observance.

Early in August is the *fiesta* at Atotonilco, a famous monastery near San Miguel. Pilgrims, wearing crowns of thorns and straining under mammoth wooden crosses, come for miles on foot to do penance; others come in holiday mood to enjoy carnival fun. The main attraction for movie-camera fans

are the proud *conchero* dancers in brilliant capes of red satin and gaudy feathered headdresses, who dance to the tinkle of bells, shells, and armadillo-shaped mandolins.

Visitors also go daily to the tin-shop for trays, lamps, and candlesticks; to the leather shop for unusual belts made to order; to the Zevallo shops for hand-embroidered blouses and skirts.

There's no doubt about it. You'll bring home loot aplenty. If you're wise, you'll do as we did: take your Christmas-shopping list. You will enjoy finding exquisite, inexpensive gifts.

So don't put off that family trip to Mexico. Do it the summer-school way. You'll do more, see more, for less than it costs to stay at home!



Going . . .

A REAL-ESTATE salesman was showing some clients a house in a brand-new development. "These are terrific houses for the money," he enthused.

"And they're well built?"

"Well built!" echoed the salesman. "Just a minute. . . ." He went into the next room and whispered softly, "Can you hear me?"

"Not very well."

The salesman whispered again, "Can you see me?"

"No," answered the client.

"Well, now," boasted the salesman, "how's that for construction?"

American Weekly.

Going . . .

THE SUMMER TOURIST was new to the ocean, but he didn't think much of the prices he was being charged.

"Say, why don't you sell that sea water?" he remarked caustically to a Cape Cod dock owner, as he walked off the pier. When he returned that afternoon, the tide had gone out. He stood stupefied for a minute, then exclaimed, "I didn't actually think you'd do it."

R. Dennis Martell.

. . . Gone

A FORLORN little man walked onto a used-car lot and approached a salesman. "Excuse me, sir," he said timidly. "Aren't you the man who sold me a car last month?"

"Why, yes," said the salesman. "How is it going? Everything all right? Want another?"

"No," said the little man. "I just wish you'd tell me about it again. I get so discouraged."

Henry Nodset.

Germany's "Mr. Family"

Herr Wuermeling faces and overcomes ridicule, venom, and plain opposition to undo the work of the nazis and communists

By FRANZ SPELMAN

EIGHTEEN MONTHS ago, Franz Joseph Wuermeling was an obscure member of the German Parliament. Overnight, he was catapulted into the spotlight as one of the most famous men in Germany. His appointment to a new cabinet position, Minister of Family Affairs, brought on this sudden fame.

The job, announced as a program to solidify family ties, was loaded with political dynamite.

Wuermeling became a favorite object of ridicule, even by some of his own party members in the Christian Democratic Union. Some of the criticism was good-natured. Some of it was the barbed satire of the political opposition, hinting at undue influence of the Catholic Church. The press was delighted: a "Herr Family Minister" made good copy and sharp cartoons. The political cabarets, thriving on lively innuendo, hopped onto the band wagon.

The attack on Wuermeling carried venom, too. The East German communist government trained its big propaganda guns on the cabinet post, called it "a secret government policy to provide cannon fodder for the new armies."



But others were equally suspicious. Liberals asked, "Is this a throwback to the child-promoting activities of the nazis?" Labor officials called it "an employer's trick for cheap labor." Conservatives

howled, "This means more government interference in the sacred realm of the family."

In any event, Wuermeling was the talk of the country. The German public laughed or fumed, according to its persuasion.

But the realities were no joke at all. Behind Chancellor Adenauer's creation of the ministry were some alarming vital statistics. Germany's 1953 birth rate was only one-third that of the U.S. In ten years it

would drop 50% further. One out of every seven Germans was over 65 years old, three times as many as in the 1920's. Moreover, one out of three Germans in the marriageable age groups remained single, and 20% of all marriages were childless. Divorces totaled almost half a million in five years, a 300% increase over 20 years ago.

To Chancellor Adenauer, this development meant spiritual damage as well economic danger to the nation. He knew that if the tide was not turned, Germany simply wouldn't have enough young men to support the aged a generation hence. Moreover, the new democratic way of life might be transformed by an economic crisis within a few years into a return to the evils of a highly regimented government, the first step towards a new totalitarianism.

What Adenauer knew, most Germans did not. Germans are just as dazzled as foreigners by the wondrous industrial achievements being wrought in their land. The teeming cities, the miles of construction scaffolds along narrow cobblestoned streets clogged with long streams of spanking new cars, the crowded supermarkets and great department stores, the delicatessens bulging with tasty sausages and imported goodies—all this blurs memories of the parched faces and rubble-covered streets of ten years ago. But the fact of an aging population looms large and ominous in the minds of

foresighted men such as Adenauer.

Franz Wuermeling, the man named to tackle the problem, is 54 years old and father of five children. Of them he remarks, "They are all the wealth I possess." His eldest son, 27, is a physician. Georg, 24, studies law. Hildegard, 21, works in a bank. Winifred, 17, and Maria, 15, are still in school.

Dr. Wuermeling was born in Berlin, did a short hitch in the German navy during the 1st World War, and studied law and economics at several German universities, where he was active in a Catholic student fraternity. From the day he became a civil servant he has applied the social ethics of the Church to his public work.

His belief in a social order based on Christian principles led to close contact and friendship with Dr. Erich Klausener, the great lay churchman who was murdered by Hitler's storm troopers in 1934. Klausener was a prominent figure in Catholic Action, a lay movement initiated by Pope Pius XI to permeate areas of everyday life with Catholic principles.

Wuermeling was fired from his government job in 1936 for his anti-Nazi, Christian attitude. Then he worked as a typist clerk in a stone quarry until the Nazi defeat in 1945. But he rose rapidly thereafter in various political posts in the Rhineland. In 1949, as Christian Democratic Union candidate to Parliament, he won a smashing victory

over his Social Democratic and communist opponents.

Wuermeling's determined political stand against the extremists of right and left is matched by his opposition to easy divorce and loose morals. He cannot, however, be accused of stuffiness. He loves big families (he was one of six children himself), but his aim is not to censor individual behavior or regiment children and parents, but to strengthen the family ethically and economically.

Recently, to get a personal estimate of Franz Wuermeling and his work, I made the pleasant trip to Bonn from Munich. Bonn is a quiet, provincial city on the Rhine, a college town largely unscarred by the war. Many of the government ministries have crowded into temporary structures.

Of all the ministries, Dr. Wuermeling's is the oddest and smallest. It has 30 employees, most of whom, symbolically, work behind lace curtains on the 2nd floor of an ordinary apartment house. One almost senses a kitchen aroma still lingering in the corridors of this converted dwelling.

As Dr. Wuermeling's secretary opened the glass door in his office foyer, I was told that the minister would see me immediately. His study is like a living room in a German middle-class home, with a beige couch, walnut bookcases, potted plants, and low tables covered with doilies. But Dr. Wuermel-

ing fills it with his presence. He is a friendly, bald, keen-eyed giant who stretches out both hands in greeting and quickly produces a box of the longest black cigars in Bonn.

"I wanted them to call my department the Ministry for the Protection of the Family," he says. "This means protection from state interference, which is just as dangerous as adverse influences within the community itself. I don't wish to make this ministry a mammoth organization with tentacles stretching out into every German family. I want to keep it at its present budget, less than \$150,000 a year."

Dr. Wuermeling, a man who puts every muscle into action when he speaks, hurried on. "Basically, I'm what you Americans call a lobbyist," he pointed out. "But Chancellor Adenauer has elevated me to a cabinet minister's rank; thus I participate in cabinet meetings as guardian of the nation's families.

"In Germany, two generations of Marxists and nazis have tried, each in their time, to convince us that the family is really a collective which exists by the grace of the state. The family is, of course, no such thing. It is a God-given unit which existed long before the state. It is not an institution but an organism."

Wuermeling declared that only cohesion within the family resurrected Germany from the anarchy

of 1945. He said it prevented the nation from falling into an abyss of despair. The family, he went on, teaches and develops the necessary tact, discipline, work habits, and thrift which successfully integrate the individual into the social system.

"This is not so true in a one-child family with its pampered single offspring," Wuermeling added quickly, "as it is in a large family. There are simply fewer governmental problems and less inner strife in a country where large families with a religious conscience predominate. Statistics show that in Germany the number of one-child couples who attend church regularly is about the same as the number of couples who are estranged from their faith. In families with three or more children, the ratio is more than three to one in favor of those who attend Sunday services."

Mindful of the advantages of large families in the spiritual, ethical, and political life of a nation, Dr. Wuermeling has set his sights on five main goals, some of which have already been accomplished.

1. In families with three children, progressively larger tax exemptions and monthly allotments for each additional child. Also, more pay for the head of the household.

2. Adequate housing for large families. This means changing the present tendency of building units for small families. Wuermeling wants to amend Germany's hous-

ing laws to facilitate construction of larger units and give priority of purchase and rental to families with three or more children.

"In America, 90% of your families live in one-family homes, only 10% in apartments," Wuermeling says. "It's exactly the reverse in Germany. To make matters worse, the average size of our apartments is only 3½ rooms. We want to encourage people to build three-bedroom homes by helping them with down payments and low interest rates, just as is done in the U.S."

3. Loans to encourage marriage. "Don't get the impression that we are concerned solely with the promotion of large families," says Dr. Wuermeling. "Right now we're working on a law to encourage the about-to-be-marrieds and the just-marrieds. There's nothing like starting off a marriage under favorable economic circumstances. We want to create a fund which will give couples low-interest loans up to the amount of their own combined savings."

4. Protect marriage and family life from the corrupting influence of bad motion pictures and publications. Wuermeling is convinced that the family's private morals are no business of government, but he has protested loudly and unceasingly against unsavory films such as *The Sinner*, a German movie which was almost an eulogy of prostitution. When the "Censorship!" cry

came, Wuermeling didn't flinch.

5. Low rates and concessions for large families on railroads, in resorts, at child-care centers and the like. "We are all for inexpensive vacations to relieve monotony and to enlarge the experience of mothers and children. We'd like to encourage the church associations to establish a system of exchange so that a child in Bavaria can spend her summer with a family in Schleswig-Holstein, while the latter family sends their young child to the Bavarian home."

"In short," Dr. Wuermeling summed up, "we want to help the man who followed the word of the Bible, founded a large family, and now is not in a position to give his wife and children adequate comfort."

Why then, has the creation of his ministry, with its incredibly small budget and limited objectives, raised such a rumpus in Germany?

"We Germans have had a lot of bad experience with government agencies," Dr. Wuermeling answered philosophically. "Few know that similar family ministries exist in democracies such as Belgium, Canada, France, and Luxembourg. Most important, however, is another fact. The public has to re-learn that marriage is basic, important, sacred."

Is the Ministry of Family Affairs succeeding?

"Well, I went to a Social Demo-

cratic trade-union meeting in Hanover," Wuermeling said, with a twinkle in his eye. "I knew they had invited me because they wished to ridicule me as a comic figure. But I spoke before those workers for two hours, answered hecklers from the floor, debated with their crack speakers, accepted every kind of question thrown at me. The net result was that the audience, which came to scoff, applauded me enthusiastically."

"After the meetings I found myself near two workers who weren't aware of my presence. I overheard one of them remark, 'He's a queer duck, all right, but he's convincing, don't you think?' His companion nodded Yes."

Dr. Wuermeling laughed, "I don't mind being called a 'queer duck' by people whom I'm convincing at the same time. This business of reviving the Christian ideal of the family is too big to allow us to be oversensitive to criticism. Give the people time and the facts and in the end they will get behind our new program wholeheartedly."

I left Dr. Wuermeling's office feeling that the cabinet post of "Herr Family Minister" is in the right hands. Dr. Wuermeling is an example of the new democratic official in the German Federal Republic. That republic recognizes the right of citizens to criticize and the duty of government officials to answer, legally, and respectfully.



Nervous Breakdown

*The chances are one in ten you may
have one yourself*

Condensed from *Changing Times**

ONE OUT OF every ten persons faces the possibility of suffering a so-called "nervous breakdown." That is cold, statistical fact. Yet, in recent years, especially the war years, physicians and psychiatrists have learned a lot about mental disorders. Much of the news is reassuring.

1. Anyone under sufficient strain (amount and kind of strain required depend on the individual) can crack. So rule out the old wives' tales about "germ of madness," "tainted blood," "nerves in the family."

2. Such a crack-up has, in most cases, no relation to mental weakness. It is, rather, evidence of an intelligent mind that has suffered injury in fighting the problems of life.

3. A nervous breakdown is nature's way of calling time-out. It is a kind of moratorium in the midst of a battle with overpowering problems. It is also one of the most curable ailments known to doctors. So rule out, too, any idea that a nervous breakdown ruins its victim

for life. People do get well, and what's more, they stay well.

Those facts are basic. To understand them better, you need to know more about the ailment.

All kinds of people in all walks of life can be stricken, given the right kind and amount of strain or shock. During the war, psychiatrists learned that the number of combat-fatigue cases mounted in direct proportion to the number of days in battle. They concluded that any outfit left in the field long enough would suffer 100% casualties.

Most people, however, are not subjected to the kind of mental torture that the battlefield imposes. The strains of ordinary living are, of course, less severe. But a certain type of person is more susceptible to these day-to-day strains than other types. For that reason, scientists have been able to draw a general picture of the person most likely to have a nervous breakdown—not the only kind of person who may have one, remember, but the most likely.

*The *Kiplinger Magazine*, 1729 H St., N.W., Washington 6, D. C. May, 1955. Copyright 1955 by the Kiplinger Washington Agency, Inc., and reprinted with permission.

Such a person has a high IQ, a strong imagination, and a mind adapted to probing into the hidden intricacies of a problem as well as its surface aspects.

He (or just as often, she) is also a perfectionist, either through natural bent or parental training. He goes 100% or nothing. His need for self-esteem is great, and yet the standards that he imposes on himself to earn it are impossibly high. He expects a great deal of himself and loses face in his own estimation when he fails to measure up.

Put such a person in a tension-filled situation and see what is likely to happen. If he is in a position that allows him self-expression, he is inclined to overdo it. He takes on too much: too many responsibilities, too many decisions, too many duties. He fights for perfection at his job and, more than likely, adds extracurricular activities that give him no time for rest. On the other hand, if he is in a situation that allows him insufficient expression, boredom and a feeling of worthlessness may drive him into a state of mind in which he falls easy prey to irritation.

Different people react differently to strain. One person may thrive on responsibility and blow up under regimentation. Others cannot make a decision but are perfectly capable of doing what they are told. Some revel in a good fight; a cross word can give others the jitters.

Also, a simple incident can bring to memory a past worry, injury, or fear so that what would be a trifling occurrence for a person without such memories becomes painful for another person.

Here is what happens when our nerves are under constant bombardment from big and little strains. Each gathering of nerve resources to face trouble sends a tension order to various muscle groups. The muscles tense, producing changes in tone and equilibrium.

The nervous person, to relieve tension, may drum on the table or fiddle with a lock of hair, smoke too many cigarettes or drink too much coffee, resort to alcohol or eat too much food. Sometimes, of course, he explodes in a quick emotional outburst. But for the most part, being civilized demands that he keep emotions bottled up.

The result is that too many tensions, too tightly corked emotions, build up pressures that become unbearable. Then along comes what may be called a trigger action, which can be almost any critical situation.

This final blow may be a severe shock, as the loss of a loved one. Such a strain is tough enough for a person not already at the breaking point. It may become unmanageable for someone at the end of his rope.

Sometimes the crucial emotional storm may not have a cause in the immediate past but in the near fu-

ture. In this case, the nervously exhausted person feels unable to face the trial to come and attempts to evade it through a "collapse" of nerves.

Insecure children may have this reaction just before entering a new school. Uncertain and oversheltered girls may have it on the eve of marriage. Young men about to leave college and face economic competition may unconsciously balk at the strain. Businessmen, weary of the task of keeping up with their jobs, may be unable to cope with the problems entailed by a promotion.

The trigger action can be, too, such a seemingly unimportant moment of stress that it remains forever unfound. It is, in that case, merely the last straw for overwrought emotions.

Whatever the immediate cause, the result is the breaking down of the power to cope with problems, worries, fears, failures, and ordinary frustrations—in fact, strains of all kinds. This is a "nervous breakdown."

It is not easy to determine what is a nervous breakdown and what is not. Indeed, the term *is* subject to loose definition. But there are signs of warning, both before and after the breaking point has been reached.

The first hints may be irritability and disturbed sleep. Grouchiness, blues, chronic depression, and overpowering fatigue not relieved by

sleep are other danger signals. There may also be loss of power to concentrate, quick fatigue from even slight mental effort, an inability to make even minor decisions, a distaste for hobbies, entertainment, and work that once were enjoyable.

These tendencies coupled with a completely self-centered turn of mind may puzzle and disturb the sufferer's family, but he himself can neither check nor understand them.

He has another problem, namely, a collection of very real aches and pains. Tensions create all sorts of maladies that can't be cured because they lack an organic cause. He may have a fast or irregular heart beat—without heart trouble. Horrible stomach pains—without ulcers. Tightness in the back of the neck and in the shoulders—without neuralgia. And a host of other symptoms.

Because such symptoms suggest many serious diseases, they cause fear and worry, and those tensions, in a vicious circle, intensify the symptoms. Such apparently physical disorders, though not due to any organic difficulty, can make the person with a nervous breakdown truly sick.

And besides his aches and pains, he is suffering mental tortures that are hard to describe. Everything he sees and feels and knows may seem distorted and unreal. He may develop fears he never had before

—and won't have again, once he's cured. He may be tempted to suicide. He probably loses all hope of recovery.

The cure for a nervous breakdown may be as simple as a talk about the sufferer's problems with a family doctor, a priest, a loved one, or a close friend. Or it may take a year of psychiatric treatment.

Chances are good that treatment can be brief, even though psychiatric aid must be sought, if the victim is able to cooperate. Here are the major steps he will probably take on his way back to health.

1. Since his apparently failing health bothers him most, he should have a complete physical examination to assure himself that nothing is organically wrong.

2. He must realize the need for outside help and be prepared to take it gracefully. He should never be pushed to a psychiatrist or anyone else until he recognizes that he needs to go. But outside help must come.

3. He must stop complaining and pitying himself and take an ob-

jective look at all his problems.

4. He must realize that the cause of his breakdown was a pattern of life unsuited to nature. He must learn that somehow he has gotten on the wrong road in life. Either he must change or his environment must, or perhaps both.

5. He must find his specific mistakes in approaching life, and retrain himself in other ways. That may mean accepting something less than perfection, avoiding unnecessary pressures, setting more reachable goals, and, most important, thinking of others rather than of himself.

6. He must find a healthful way to live and useful work to do. He needs pleasant recreation, a bit of plain laziness, plenty of sleep and good food, and not too much stimulation from coffee, liquor, and cigarettes.

Finally, as one doctor points out, he should try to remember that a nervous breakdown is never quite so serious as it seems at the time. It can be cured by love and encouragement, knowledge of oneself, and a better way of living.



Up the Ladder

ON MARCH 18, 1616, the rope broke as the weaver Roger Wrenno was being hanged for professing his Catholicism. His frightened executioners offered him his life if he would change his religion, but Wrenno hurried up the ladder as fast as he could.

"Why are you in such a hurry?" cried the hangman.

"If you had seen the paradise I have seen, you would hurry, too," Wrenno replied. Then the hangman finished his work.

Camillus (Dec. '54)

What Are the Rosicrucians?

"Mail-order mystics" is one good answer

By ORR KELLY

A SHORT, HEAVY-SET man sat in his study late one night in 1934 covering page after page of notebook paper in a large, plain hand. He was writing his last will and testament. Once his pen ran dry, and he stopped briefly to refill it, changing from green ink to blue-black.

It was 2:50 A.M. when he signed his name on the last page and made his mystic mark of authority as Emperor of the Ancient Mystical Order Rosae Crucis—the Rosicrucians.

Five years later, death came to Harve Spencer Lewis, the little-known genius who had developed the world's largest mail-order house dealing solely in mysticism. His "transition," as his followers carefully noted, came at 3:15 P.M., Pacific Standard Time, on Aug. 2, 1939.

A few days later, as he had directed in his will, the body of H. Spencer Lewis was cremated. The ashes were deposited in a shrine at the Order's elaborate block-square international headquarters in San José, Calif.

His will, written in the dark of the night five years before, was opened and read. An appraisal of

his estate was made and the will was probated in the Superior Court of Santa Clara county, California.

There was some buzzing from the tongues of those who had watched the Order grow into a multimillion-dollar nonprofit corporation: "Boy, I'd love to have the dough that guy's made."

For those uncharitable enough to think ill of their neighbor, the size of the estate must have come as a shock. It amounted to just \$6,623.32, including a \$600 automobile and a 39-year-old, 27-foot motorboat named *Scottie*.

There was no indication that Lewis had been thoughtless enough to endanger the Order's tax-free status by pocketing more than a proper amount of the income, which now rolls in at the rate of \$1,300,000 a year.

Most of his estate and a \$7,000 life-insurance policy he left to his wife Martha. But Ralph M. Lewis, his eldest son, got the prize: the triangle diamond emperor's ring and the title of Emperor.

Ralph Lewis was instructed to pass both ring and title along to his male descendants "continuously in the line of succession."

This was a handsome bequest,

indeed. It carried with it a lifetime job, a stately \$20,000 English-style home in a pleasant residential neighborhood, frequent trips to Europe and the Orient—and power.

The elder Lewis had a phrase to describe the power he held over the wide-spread Order, and he loved to roll it on his tongue: "Supreme Autocratic Authority."

To back up this authority, there is a five-member Supreme Grand Lodge, whose members are also the directors of the nonprofit corporation. Ralph Lewis, his mother Martha, and his wife Gladys hold a comfortable majority of those votes.

This Lewisonian dynasty got its start, appropriately enough, when Lewis stepped up to the want-ad counter of a New York newspaper one day in 1915. About 100 dabblers in the occult were drawn together by his advertisement, and formed the Ancient Mystical Order Rosae Crucis.

At that first meeting (Lewis' detractors say it was held on April Fool's day), they decided to establish lodges in the nation's major cities.

But at their first national convention in 1917, someone, probably Lewis, came up with the idea that put the Rosicrucians into business right alongside Sears, Roebuck and Montgomery Ward. "Let's advertise," he suggested. "Let's sign up people everywhere, and keep in touch with them by mail."

His plan was adopted. It was a

good one. Today, the Rosicrucians spend nearly half a million dollars a year for advertising and propaganda leaflets. And they spend another \$145,000 to send out 6 million pieces of mail each year.

As the mail-order business grew, people all over the world began reading strange but alluring advertisements: "Are you perfectly satisfied with your position in life? Are you enjoying life to its fullest extent—truly abundantly? The Rosicrucians can show you . . . how you can change the course of your life."

As the initiation fees and the monthly dues began to roll in, Lewis got busy on a couple of related jobs. With them, as with the mail-order project, he had remarkable success.

First he had to make the Order both Ancient and Mystical—or at least mysterious.

Until then, scholars had been fairly well agreed that Rosicrucianism had started in the early 17th century as the result of a satirical essay written by a Lutheran theologian. But before the scholars could pause to wipe their glasses, Lewis had traced the Order back at least as far as Egypt in the year 1500 B.C. He announced: "It was Thutmose III who organized the present physical form of the Secret Brotherhood and outlined many of its rules and regulations."

Old Thutmose, long since passed to another cosmic plane, must have been startled to find himself a

member of the Order. Some of the others posthumously enrolled as Rosicrucians must have been even more surprised: Amenhotep IV, Plato, Aristotle, Cicero, Seneca, Plotinus, St. Thomas Aquinas, Dante, Francis Bacon, and Benjamin Franklin. Even Jesus was enrolled.

When he had finished calling the roll up yonder, Lewis was disturbed to notice that other sources of information didn't quite correspond to the "official" version. So he set about rewriting them, too.

Certainly his most remarkable success in this field was his frontal assault on the *Encyclopedia Britannica*. Lewis himself actually wrote the article on Rosicrucianism in the current edition of the *Britannica*. With some shreds of caution remaining, the editors let him trace the Order's origin back only to the 12th century, somewhat more recent than 1500 B.C. But the article still differs markedly from other references to Rosicrucianism in other parts of the same edition.

While busy with his works of scholarship, Lewis moved the headquarters of the Order from New York to San Francisco, to Tampa, Fla., to San José, where he became Dr. H. Spencer Lewis, Ph.D. Thereafter, he sometimes mentioned, modestly, that he had received many high honors from "foreign and American societies, academies, scientific institutions and learned bodies." A cynic recently

remarked, "Isn't it strange he never mentioned their names?"

But by 1918, when he first published the *Rosicrucian Manual*, he had borrowed from almost every doctrine that ever inspired the mind of man, from Catholicism to Theosophy, from Buddhism to Rotarianism. When the pieces didn't quite fit, he knocked off the rough edges, and shoved them into place.

When Lewis the Younger took over in 1939, he continued the process of adaptation. And he kept knocking off the rough edges, even if they happened to be attached to pieces of his father's work.

Lewis the Elder, for example, writes of a God who was the Creator and who could respond to prayers "in his mercy." But the son says flatly, "The mystic cannot accept a personal God," and he adds, a little later, "Prayer is really a consultation between the two selves of man . . . a mystic does not ask that there be conferred upon him special blessings."

It is doubtful, however, that such little matters as the definition of God or of prayer bother the run-of-the-mill member. Rosicrucianism has plenty of other attractions to dangle before the prospect.

Say you're a person getting along in years, someone without too much education. You haven't done quite as well in life as you might wish. It's easy to read an advertisement, and think, "It would be kind of nice to develop my inner

The Dalai Lama, on the point of leaving Tibet before the arrival of Chinese communist troops, visited the French consul. "I am going to confide in you the secret of Tibet," he said, "and it is a secret that you must guard closely."

"What is it?" asked the consul.

"The secret of Tibet is that there is no secret."

Jean Cocteau in the
Memoirs of Aga Khan.

power. What have I got to lose? Why don't I send this in?"

A person who does answer an ad quickly gets an invitation to join up. The first step is to pay the \$5 joining fee.

If he pays that, the mail begins to arrive. Most of it is mimeographed letters and undated "monographs" of about ten pages.

Mark Twain claimed that Mary Baker Eddy had taken out the original patent on the obscure sentence. The writer of these "master monographs" has done better than the founder of Christian Science. There is a lot of talking about getting in tune with cosmic vibrations, like this: "The fact of the matter is that as soon as the will power and the anxiousness of the concentrated outer thoughts and mentality are abandoned and the whole matter is allowed to turn inwardly and become a part of the

Inner Self, then the process begins to work and it may continue to work even unknown to the experimenter."

This is mumbo-jumbo. But because it promises to put the Divine to the service of the "neophyte," and elevate him above non-Rosicrucians, it is also the heresy of Prometheanism.*

He also has you make experiments. Here is No. 2, designed to put the American Telephone and Telegraph Co. out of business.

"Let us say that you wish to send a thought to someone at home or in some distant place to the effect that you will be home early or you will call in the evening, or that you would like to have a letter from him, or something of this kind. Let us say, for instance, that you are going to make a visit and want to give someone a definite impression that you will call during the evening. The thing to do in such a case is to sit down and become passive for a moment, then visualize the person you want to

*Prometheanism is named for the Greek myth of Prometheus, who stole his father Zeus' fire from heaven, instead of waiting for the god to give it to him. Adam, too, was promethean when he took what he should have waited to be given, and man is promethean whenever he uses magic, or when he tries by asceticism to capture higher states of consciousness, or to enter them by means of drugs or arts, or even when he tries to put himself into them, instead of waiting to be brought into them by God. Prometheanism is, at bottom, a mixture of conceit and cupboard love.—From *The Age of Belief* by Anne Fremantle.

reach, and then, as though you were in his actual physical presence, mentally say the message you wish to have transmitted. After repeating the message over to yourself three times in connection with the visualization of the person who is to get the message, *dismiss the entire matter* and arise from your relaxed position and go about your routine affairs with the thought that you have now filed the message with the proper spiritual telegraph company, and it is up to them to deliver the message for you."

Along about this time you discover that your dues are \$2.75 a month from now on as long as the master monographs hold out at four a month. That will run you \$33 a year, I imagine, for the rest of your life, or until the cosmic vibrations tell you that you've been had.

You shouldn't pass them on, either. If any person should ask to borrow them you must not lend them. You can and should, however, write to headquarters so that he, also, can contribute his own \$33. Simply say, "No, you may not look at my Master Monograph."

This is mail-order mysticism. But every secret society has to have a form of initiation. In this case, the only way to do it is to do it yourself. This is how you get through the "first portal."

You clear off your dressing table and put two candles on it in front

of the mirror. If you haven't any candles you may send \$1.50 to San José for four! This is now your altar.

Light the candle on the left, and say "Blessed Light, symbol of the Greater Light, cast thy rays in the midst of darkness and illumine my path."

Now you light the other one, and say, "Unto Light is added Light, that the crossbeams may soften the lines and the shadows, and symbolize the easing of pain and sorrow, as would the coming of the Greater Light!"

Now you sit down and stare at yourself in the mirror. At the proper moment, stand up and trace a cross in the mirror five inches long, and say, "Hail, Rosy Cross!"

You concentrate for three minutes, then place the tip of your left forefinger on the center of your forehead, and say, "Peace!"

Brother, you're in.

When you get into the higher grades, you begin learning the more interesting things, like how to make gold out of base metals.

When you finish the 9th Degree, the Masters will communicate with you in their own way. If they find you worthy, they will lead you, in a mystical way, through three more degrees. The chances are that they, too, come by mail from such distant and mystical parts as Egypt, along with the suggestion that you send a donation to San José.

This approach has had a wide

appeal, even to some Christians. Although all the advertisements emphasize the statement that Rosicrucianism is not a religion but just a philosophy of life, it is hard to see how a Christian can reconcile such doctrines as reincarnation and Karma with his religion.

Despite this difficulty, the Order has been successful enough to be able to put away a nest egg of \$800,000 in conservative, low-interest bonds. And it has impressive, well-tended headquarters in San José. The block-square, park-like site includes an Egyptian museum, a Science museum and a Planetarium, all open to the public, and an art gallery which has brought a number of significant art shows to the Santa Clara valley.

In an expansive mood one day, Dr. Lewis claimed 300,000 members for his Order. More recently, the Supreme Secretary said there were 45,000. Both of them must have been counting some members

on the cosmic, nondues-paying plane.

The Order certainly has fewer than 40,000 members and probably only about 28,000. Of these, the turnover is probably about 5,000 a year, as the students get to the 9th Grade and learn that they can't actually turn the coffepot into a golden urn.

At that rate, the Order would run out of members in six to eight years if there weren't a steady stream of replacements. So it spends about a quarter of a million dollars a year, some \$200,000 for newspaper and magazine advertising and another \$45,000 for propaganda leaflets, to grease the wheels.

And that seems to do the trick. There is little indication that the Imperatorship cannot be passed on "continuously in the line of succession" until the end of time—or at least until people stop thinking that they can make themselves divine by direct mail.

How Your Church Can Raise Money

THERE ARE MANY excellent gardeners in St. Mary's parish, Peshtigo, Wis., and many beautiful gardens. Our parish club has used these assets for a bountiful contribution to the Church's building fund. In the early spring, our gardeners sell flats of plants that they have raised: pansies, petunias, and tomatoes. In May, the members sell Madonna planters, filled with winding greenery, suitable for May altars. Geraniums are sold for Mother's day and Memorial day. Exquisite bouquets are available for any occasion, and are sold throughout the summer. All in all, our club is contributing to the beauty of the festive occasions, and putting the profits into the building fund.

Mrs. Edmund Dupuis.

[Has your parish employed a novel and interesting plan for raising money? If so, write THE CATHOLIC DIGEST. For each letter used, we will pay \$10 on publication. Manuscripts submitted for this department cannot be acknowledged nor returned—Ed.]

The Refugee Relief act of 1953 is very slowly coming to life; U.S. citizens must implement it

Escapees: America's Shame

By HANNIBAL TOWLE
Condensed from *The Sign**

H OPE SURGED through the refugee camps of Western Europe during the summer of 1953. By a special act of Congress, 45,000 people who had fled the Iron Curtain countries were to be allowed to migrate to the U.S.

These people were neither "displaced persons" nor "expellees." They were refugees in the true sense of the word, people who had refused to compromise with communism and had voted against it in the only way left to them—with their feet.

Most of them arrived in the West with nothing but the clothes upon their backs, their courage, political convictions, and faith. They also carried a bright vision of a place called Freedom, which to most meant the U.S.

Picture yourself as one of these people, as a human sardine packed into an old army barracks, former concentration camp, or temporary shack. Lacking a passport, you couldn't move. The chances are you would not be allowed to seek employment.

Can you understand that surge



of hope when, on Aug. 7, 1953, the U.S. Refugee Relief act was made law? Now imagine what would happen to your hope if almost a year were to pass, and not a single one of you was admitted to the U.S.

But that's exactly what happened. It was not until July 27, 1954, that the first escapees entered the U.S. under the Refugee Relief act. This was a Hungarian family: Dr. Geza Kapus, his wife, and little daughter. You would have been very happy for them, especially for Mrs. Kapus, who lost one leg and had the other badly injured when a land mine exploded on the Austro-Hungarian border during their escape.

Perhaps now the flow would be-

*Monastery Place, Union City, N. J. May, 1955. Copyright 1955 by the Passionist Missions, Inc., and reprinted with permission.

gin. Perhaps your turn would come.

On Aug. 24, 1954, a young Czech student who had fled to Austria five years before left for the U.S. But he had had private funds. He had not had to live in one of the camps.

It wasn't until September, 1954, that the first escapee visa was issued in West Germany, the country which receives the greatest number of escapees. This went to a 14-year-old boy, Walter Haidyn. Walter had fled a year previously from Poland and reached West Berlin. There he had been cared for personally by Father Walter E. Kaiser, director of the Berlin Mission of the National Catholic Welfare conference. Walter was going to Boys' Town.

Walter's experience would have touched your heart. He had fled all alone to the free world. But if you were the parent of one of the many thousands of children in the camps, you would have asked, "Will the chance for my child ever come?"

Little money is available for newspapers in escapee camps. But a grapevine carries the news pretty well. Word quickly got about that on Oct. 21 Josef Valencik, a young Czech, received a visa in Austria after only 14 months of waiting. However, his was a rather special case. Josef's parents lived in Cleveland, Ohio.

Then, a week later, you would hear that in Munich a visa had

been issued to Llona Gyorgy, a 55-year-old Hungarian cook, for whom the ncwc had arranged a job in a Philadelphia hotel. You would not fail to see the significance of Llona's visa. As far as you knew, she had neither money nor influence, nor a family in the U.S. Certainly she had not the sentimental appeal of a little boy who had dared to face the world alone. If there was an opportunity for her, then there might be a chance for you.

Gradually, this hope was strengthened. In January, 1955, the American State department announced that 75 visas had been issued to escapees. This was an improvement over the zero score of six months previously.

In February, State-department officials announced that the act was finally "rolling." But today the department says that its success depends primarily not on them but upon the individual citizens of the U.S. Perhaps you will feel your responsibility as one of those citizens.

Here is the background of the Refugee Relief act. The Displaced Persons Act of 1948 had allowed for the entry into the U.S. of a variety of people displaced from their homes by the 2nd World War. However, in 1948, the nations of Eastern Europe were absorbed into the Soviet empire. For many people who had opposed the communists, flight became necessary. For others it became highly desir-

able, for themselves or for the future of their children. Several nations of the free world gave sanctuary to some. But the U.S. did not.

By May, 1953, according to an official government publication, the number of those who had escaped had reached 100,000. Most of them arrived in Germany, Austria, Italy, Greece, and Turkey. Those places of refuge already had great surplus-population problems.

With employment difficult for their own people, those nations could not open their labor markets freely to workers from other countries. In the war-torn lands, housing was very short, and the escapees had to be given the least desirable shelters. Even if the governments had been able to do so, they could hardly provide better subsistence for escapees than that of the least favored of their own nationals.

So, while the free world spoke of its bitter hatred of communism, those who had actively opposed it became the true orphans of the world.

In March, 1952, the U.S. established an escapee program to help these people. In visiting escapee "screening centers" and camps in several countries of Europe, I have come to know many people connected with the program. I have yet to encounter a more dedicated, hard-working group of civil servants. Nor a more frustrated one.

They were given a twofold task. Phase A is intended to assist es-

capees toward permanent resettlement in the free world. In this they had some success; several nations, notably Canada, Australia, New Zealand, Argentina, and Brazil, accepted small numbers of escapees, generally young men with certain desired skills or professions. However, in phase B, which is to exploit the escapee program for counter-propaganda purposes, they could have no success at all.

The escapee program is active in both the Far and Middle East. However, its major work has been in Europe. Its European headquarters is in Frankfurt, Germany. There it has about a half dozen American employees. In individual countries, a few U.S. nationals and a little local clerical help comprise the staffs. Most of the field work is done by voluntary agencies.

There are more than 20 such agencies. They operate on contracts with the escapee program, under which they are reimbursed for authorized expenditures. The most active is the National Catholic Welfare conference. More than one out of every three escapees is a Catholic. The next most important agency, with approximately half the "case load" of the ncwc, is the World Council of Churches.

When an escapee registers with one of the agencies for aid, he is provided with new clothing, medical and dental care, child schooling, vocational and language training, counseling, and aid in obtain-

ing a visa. So Phase A is working out, though slowly.

But on Phase B the escapee program is a failure. For people who seek freedom, charity, no matter how generously given, is not a substitute. Propaganda-wise, the program actually works against us. Comrade Molotov at the Berlin conference called our escapee program an "espionage" operation. Radio Prague has dubbed it a "pious fraud."

Even our friends in Western Europe have been expressing doubts as to whether our anti-communism has any deeper purpose than local party politics. One very influential, and normally pro-American, newspaper in Western Germany charged that at a time when there might have been massive desertions from the Red army, our treatment of escapees, particularly Red-army deserters, discouraged it. Others charge that with our Voice of America we lure people into escaping; then, having pumped them dry of intelligence information, we abandon them for other nations to take care of.

Why did our State department compromise our reputation on both sides of the Iron Curtain by failing for so long to implement the Refugee Relief act?

The official explanation is that certain clauses of the legislation made its administration difficult. The act says that a U.S. citizen must sponsor individual escapees.

It requires that such a sponsor must give assurance that the escapee "will be suitably employed without displacing some other person from employment and that such alien will not become a public charge and will have housing without displacing some other person from such housing. Each assurance shall be a personal obligation of the individual citizen or citizens."

The law also contained this provision: "No person shall be issued a visa unless complete information shall be available regarding the history of such person covering a period of at least two years preceding his application for a visa: *provided* that this provision may be waived on the recommendation of the secretaries of state and of defense when determined by them to be in the national interest."

This certainly was a most reasonable provision. There had been cases of Russian agents posing as escapees. Since it would normally be impossible to check the records of escapees in the countries from which they had fled, it was reasonable that they be kept under strict observation for two years in their countries of refuge.

But let us assume that you were an escapee in the American zone of Germany when the Refugee Relief act was passed. You would already have been thoroughly investigated by anywhere from 15 to 20 official and semiofficial agencies,

from the U.S. Central Intelligence agency down to local police and camp authorities.

Probably the most effective investigation is done by the escapees themselves. Having lived in police states, they have developed an instinct for spotting communist agents. In addition to such formal and informal investigations, many very thorough, there are the camp records.

But even with the records of other agencies and of the camps available, the State department decided that the law called for two-year investigations by their own staff. Such a staff had to be recruited, trained, transported, and established on the payrolls of American consulates abroad.

Now, for the moment, assume that you were not an escapee but a potential sponsor. You were required to guarantee that the individual or family you wished to sponsor would not become a public charge. But unless your economic position was very solid indeed, you might have hesitated to gamble that during the two years required for investigation, your situation would not change for the worse. You were asked to find and guarantee housing. If such guarantee were for rental housing, you would find it expensive to keep it vacant for two years, so as to displace no one when your escapee arrived. You also had to guarantee a job that would displace no other

worker. It couldn't have been much of a job if you could guarantee to hold it open for two years!

It is not surprising, then, that potential sponsors did not appear in droves. Unless a sponsor were very rich, the assurances had to stretch the truth a bit—like the proprietor of the small gasoline station who promised to employ a Czech cousin as a butler. That was one job he could well afford to keep open indefinitely!

For the first visas to be granted under the act, the State department saw fit to waive the requirement for the two-year record.

Now, after two years' delay, the department claims that the act is "rolling" as far as the administration of it is concerned. The success of the program now depends, says the department, on the willingness of individual Americans to act as sponsors. There are at present about 10,000 escapees eligible for immigration visas under our strict requirements regarding age, health, character, and employability.

Will Americans in sufficient numbers accept the State department's challenge? The men, women, and children in the camps are eagerly awaiting the answer. So are the Soviet propaganda artists, ready to crow "we told you so," should we fail. So are our friends, who hope that in the struggle between the free and slave worlds our deeds will prove as generous and resolute as our words.

*Its voice is silent after 200
years, but its message to an
afflicted world rings on*

The Liberty Bell Still Peals

By AGNES KELLEY

Condensed from the *Working Boy**

THE LIBERTY BELL, once wounded, once reborn, and then injured again, no longer speaks with its own tongue, but its very presence in a free America proclaims an unending message of hope to oppressed peoples all over the world.

It was on a hot August afternoon in 1752 when the word spread like wildfire through the streets of Philadelphia: "It's here; the *Matilda* has brought our liberty bell!" Women picked up their babies and rushed to the wharf; shopkeepers left their stores unattended; offices and factories were deserted as the citizens of Philadelphia converged on the wharf to welcome the *Matilda*. The ship was a sturdy sailing vessel that had brought the bell which the Colony of Pennsylvania had ordered from Thomas Liston, a famous bell caster of London.

"Is the inscription on it?" one Quaker gentleman inquired eagerly. He was Isaac Norris, the assemblyman who had been chosen to select the inscription for the bell. For many nights he had searched his Bible for a message of freedom for the bell. It yielded the desired phrase in the 25th chapter of Leviticus. Norris chose the words: "Proclaim liberty throughout all the land, unto all the inhabitants thereof."

The Quaker assemblyman was assured by the men uncrating the bell that the inscription was on it. Turning to his fellow legislators, Norris smiled in grim satisfaction. The voice of freedom had gotten through.

A great crowd followed the bell as it was carted to the State House. So it could be rung immediately, it was placed on temporary trusses. The Assembly doorkeeper swung the long clapper; the bell gave one clear, ringing note—and went flat on the second. The bell had cracked, broken by its own tongue!

Many of the citizens demanded that the bell be shipped back to England and made perfect. Before any such arrangements could be made, the wily old captain of the *Matilda* steered his ship out of the harbor in the shrouding fog of early evening.

The colony had to keep the bell. It was sent to the foundry of Pass & Stow for repair. After being remelted and recast twice, it was

**Working Boy's Home*, Newton Highlands 61, Mass. All Souls Issue, 1952. Copyright 1952 by the *Working Boy's Home*, and reprinted with permission.

returned to the steeple of the Philadelphia State House on April 17, 1753. This time it rang out clearly.

The faithful old bell rang whenever occasion arose to call the people to the Town Hall. It rang in indignation when the Sugar act was passed and angrily when the Stamp act became law. It rang with amusement over the Boston Tea Party and gave wild alarm of the battle of Lexington. It announced the opening session of the 2nd Continental Congress and rang joyously when the first American flag was unfurled.

It seemed that the bell would never stop ringing upon the signing of the Declaration of Independence. Day and night it pealed across the city. However, it was to be a long time before it would ring again. The British were marching on Philadelphia, and the Liberty Bell was hastily taken from the steeple and packed in straw in John Jacob Mickley's wagon for transportation to Allentown for safekeeping.

The roads were muddy and rutted, but the old wagon jolted along until it reached the hilly country near Bethlehem. There the wagon fell apart, spilling its load into the mud. Another farmer, Frederick Leaser, loaded the bell onto his wagon and finished the haul to Allentown. There the bell was hidden under the floor of a church.

The Liberty Bell remained in

hiding long after the British evacuated Philadelphia. At last, it was returned to its steeple to celebrate the 3rd anniversary of the signing of the Declaration of Independence on July 4. In 1781, it rang the glad news of the surrender of Cornwallis, and in 1783 announced that the terms of peace were agreed on, making American independence an established fact.

The old bell continued to call out the news of many events, but to some people its usefulness seemed to be over. In 1816, when the State Assembly was in need of money, it ordered sale of the old State House. Fortunately, the people of Philadelphia were civic-minded. They bought the historic old building with its bell, and turned it into an historic shrine.

The Liberty Bell mourned the death of George Washington. It was doing the same for John Marshall, chief justice of the Supreme Court, when once again it cracked with a sharp rasp. Metallurgists said that it could not be mended, the metal being too brittle from the previous meltings. For years the relic hung forgotten in the tower of the old State House. In 1852, it was recalled to mind and taken downstairs, where it was given a place of honor in the remodeled State House.

Soon all the people of the U.S. came to realize that the old bell was a symbol of our freedom, an historic national relic. Americans

from all parts of the country traveled to Philadelphia to look at the bell. During the latter 1800's it was taken on a long tour of American cities to impress on the people a sense of national pride in our heritage. After that trip, however, it was decided that the metal could not stand further handling.

In 1926, to celebrate the 150th anniversary of the arrival of the

Liberty Bell in Philadelphia, the wife of the mayor made the old bell "ring" out once more by tapping it lightly with a golden, rubber-tipped mallet. Microphones carried the ringing tones by radio to all parts of the nation. By the time the 200th anniversary came around, in 1952, television was here, and the nation could also see the famous bell.



• • In Our Parish • •

In our parish the Democrats are laughing at this story. Two nuns were waiting at a bus stop when a lady motorist pulled up in front of them.

"If you're going downtown, Sisters, won't you ride with me?" the woman asked.

"Thank you, we should like to," the nuns said, and climbed in the car.

"I have to make just one stop," the woman said, as she pulled up in front of a big gray building. "I'll be only a minute. Would you care to come in with me?"

As the Sisters filed into the unemployment-assistance office behind the woman, they passed an Irishman standing in the doorway. "The saints be praised," he exclaimed. "Look at what the Republicans have done to the nuns."

Andrew Tully.



In our parish young Jerry was about to take his first solo trip on his new bicycle. His mother stood for a moment beside him, warning him to stay on the sidewalk.

Then she hurried inside, pretending to keep busy, trying not to worry. But she couldn't keep away from the window. After five minutes of peeping from behind the curtains, she saw Jerry. He was riding in the street.

She rushed out, and said, "Didn't I tell you to use the sidewalk? Why did you break your promise?"

"I met a policeman," Jerry said. "He didn't like Catholics. He said that the sidewalk was only for Presbyterians."

Mrs. Margaret C. Barrett.

[You are invited to submit similar stories of parish life, for which \$10 will be paid on publication. Manuscripts submitted to this department cannot be returned.—Ed.]

Two of My Children Don't Speak English



*But that makes no difference in
their place in the hearts of the
rest of us*

By ART LINKLETTER

Condensed from *Good Housekeeping**

IT'S A LONG JOURNEY from Holmby Hills, Calif., to the tiny French village of Harol. It's an even longer one to Pietralata, a poor suburb of Rome. But my wife and I make both trips when we can, because those towns are home to a very special two of our children.

Five years ago, Lois and I joined the thousands of Americans who were "adopting" European war orphans through the Foster Parents' Plan for War Children, the system by which an American adult may sponsor and provide money and mail for a specific child overseas. Our first little boy was Italian; the second was French. Each was nine years old when we "adopted" him.

Although these boys entered our lives merely as "foster" children,

we have long since ceased to look at them in that light. Today our Italian boy, Alberto, is 14; an introvert, he's studious, imaginative, quiet and shy, with big brown eyes: the tender, loving type. He's much more artistic than the little French boy, Roland, and rarely writes a letter without illustrating it with colored-pencil drawings that show real sensitivity.

Roland, now just 13, is the gay, nervous, excitable, outwardgoing sort. Extremely bright in school, he's expressive and volatile. He shows his feelings much more than Alberto.

It is difficult now to remember that Alberto and Roland were only names on a card when we first asked the Foster Parents' Plan for War Children, Inc., in New York City, to "assign" us to a child. A representative of the plan explained that we could specify sex, nationality, and approximate age of the child. We were told that the plan

*57th St. at 8th Ave., New York City 19. May, 1955. Copyright 1955 by the Hearst Corp., and reprinted with permission.

is a government-approved, non-profit, privately sponsored relief organization. It was formed to help war orphans, who might otherwise become public charges, to remain with a surviving parent or relative. It was later expanded to aid children otherwise in need.

We agreed to write to "our" child at least once a month, and to pay \$15 per month. The plan would pass this money along for the child in the form of food packages, clothing, cash, and basic medical care. We would be free to send personal gifts of our own and to make further cash contributions if we chose, but were in no way obligated to do so.

For no particular reason, Lois and I chose a boy, who was to be Italian and quite young. We got Alberto Di Raco. On paper, he sounded not too remarkable: the youngest of three fatherless boys, all predisposed to tuberculosis; his mother was a washerwoman. The family lived in an extremely poor part of Rome. The file snapshot showed a thin little boy with straight dark hair, his dark eyes fixed seriously on the camera.

Three weeks later, I came home one afternoon to find my family in a state of considerable excitement.

"You've had a letter," my daughter Dawn announced. "From Alberto!"

Alberto had received the first plan package in our name. His letter was handwritten, in Italian.

Fortunately, a typewritten page was attached—a literal translation provided by Rome headquarters of the plan. The letter began, "Dear foster father, Mr. Linchletter," and in rather formal words expressed Alberto's joy that he was now my "foster son."

One year later we applied for Roland. Shortly afterward, we took a vacation trip to Europe and personally met both boys. We saw Roland first, but our first meeting with Alberto, a month later, was exactly the same. Both boys were incredibly shy. They spoke in monosyllables: "*Oui*," "*Non*," "*Si*." They kept their eyes on the floor; you could hear them breathing heavily, and could practically feel the sweat in their palms.

At Roland's home, Mme. Manbeard, his mother, opened the door and welcomed us, Lois, the plan agent from Paris, and me, into a small living room. My French is that of a schoolboy, and the opening amenities rolled over my head. I was looking at my foster son. He stood close to his mother. For one brief moment, our eyes met; then he looked at the floor. I said, "*Bonjour, Roland*." His voice in reply was almost inaudible.

I was taken aback. With five children of my own and much experience in interviewing children on radio and TV, I had been pretty confident that I knew how to approach them. I thought that perhaps my height was the obstacle.

So I squatted to a level with Roland and held out my hand. Still no results.

I don't know quite what I'd expected; if I had stopped to think, I might have known that a stranger, a foreigner, would be a bit off-putting to a small boy who had known so much fear and uncertainty. At last I said to the plan representative, "I'd like to see the village. Couldn't we take Roland for a walk?"

Once we were outside, everything changed rapidly. I made polite and laborious conversation with Roland, and, quite sure I was getting nowhere, I said, "*Mon français très mal!*" ("My French is very bad.")

"*Très mauvais,*" corrected Roland, and then flushed at his involuntary rudeness. He shook his head like a sparrow. "*Non, non, non, je comprends tout ce que vous dites.*" ("No, no, no, I understand everything you say.")

"*Merci,*" I said, and his face broke into an irresistible small-boy grin! Encouraged, I tried again; and I found that the more mistakes I made, the more the ice was broken.

Our meetings with Alberto have never been as close as this, partly because neither my wife nor I speak one word of Italian and all conversation must go through the plan representative. Besides, we have rarely been alone with Alberto. Mrs. Di Raco hovers over

her son constantly, and wraps him in a blanket of maternal affection.

Yet Alberto is very real to us. We understand him through his letters, and one difference between our two foster sons is perhaps that Roland's letters are simple and give little of his personality, while those of the Italian boy reflect everything about him.

From Alberto, we have had letters, for instance, that describe his vacations in Calabria in a way that would make anyone want to go there at once. He has an eye for color and a flair for simple description that are far superior to that of most 14-year-olds.

At the moment, both boys are at the stage of yearning to be firemen, policemen, aviators, and the like—typical youthful aspirations. It is too soon to know what kind of special training either Roland or Alberto will want and need. We hope to give them part of any necessary training to start them off in life. The big point is that we will give them what *they* want, not what we think they ought to have.

Privately, however, we feel that with the employment situation what it is in Italy, Alberto should go to the finest possible trade school rather than to a university. I do not as yet know what Roland will do with his life as an adult. While Alberto shows signs of being fitted for technical work—his imaginative drawings perhaps indicate a talent for drafting—Roland's

bent is as yet quite undetermined.

In November, 1951, Roland was allowed to visit us in California. I should make it clear that Roland was brought over not by us but by the Foster Parents' Plan. Other children from other lands came too, and it was sheer good luck that Roland was one of the children selected.

When we knew that Roland would be allowed to come, we were delighted, yet deeply concerned. What, we wondered, might it do to an underprivileged child to have a taste of America, only to be sent home again to a frugal, difficult existence?

The answer, we learned, was—nothing. Roland was on vacation; he found himself in a sort of Never-Never Land, in which he could have *petits fours* for breakfast, meet movie stars (who didn't interest him in the least), and, most important, become for a few days a part of an American family.

During his stay, we discovered that the language barrier didn't bother him or our children at all. Very shy at first, Roland soon began romping, roughhousing, climbing over the play gym in the yard, and riding a bicycle. The most exciting things to him were being part of our family—and oranges! Unimpressed by the mansions of screen stars, Roland nearly went out of his head at sight of the San Bernardino orange groves! He stood straight up in the car and

yelled right out with amazement.

If I hadn't known it before, I realized it then—that for our foster children, the biggest thing is being loved and wanted. Roland liked the meals, swiftly adopted the young Linkletters' tastes for hot dogs, large glasses of milk, and ice cream. But last thing at night he was inclined to be a wistful and homesick child. He said his prayers and crawled into the twin bed in Robert's room—and lay awake until Lois, in place of "*maman*," came in to sit with him.

Today, letters from Alberto and Roland are eagerly awaited by the whole family circle. But just before we embarked on our European trip this year, our youngest daughter, Diane, gave us a command.

"We have enough boys now," she said severely. "This time bring home a little girl, mommy!"

When we next contacted plan headquarters, we were in Greece. Before long we were talking to a little girl in the Old Phaleron section of Athens.

I bent down, and said, "What did you say your name is?"

"Stela Tembakis," repeated the child, "and I am eight years old."

That was the only English she knew, but it was enough. We took one look at Stela, fair complexion, light hair, and that dreadful, unchildlike look of awareness that all these children have—and started proceedings once more as fast as we could make out a check!

*The Secret Service's White House detail
has never failed in its 50 years on the job*

Guarding the President

By ROBERT J. DONOVAN
Condensed from "The Assassins" *

IN 1865, John Wilkes Booth killed President Abraham Lincoln when the guard at the door of the President's theater box wandered off to buy a drink.

In 1881, Charles Guiteau, a disappointed office-seeker, strolled up to President James Garfield in the crowded waiting room of the Washington railroad station, and shot him in the back.

In 1901, Leon Czolgosz, a pistol hidden in his bandaged left hand, stood in a line of well-wishers waiting to shake hands with President William McKinley. When he reached the President, he shot and fatally wounded him.

"The record is appalling," said Judge LeBaron B. Colt in a speech in 1902. "In 37 years, three Presidents have been assassinated, an average of one every 12 years. The history of Europe for a thousand years furnishes no parallel. To find one we must go back to the military usurpers of ancient Rome."

The record was appalling, indeed, and the murder of McKinley finally roused

an exasperated people to do something about it.

The number of attempts on the lives of American Presidents was not particularly surprising. Something like 19 attempts were made on the life of Louis Philippe of France, and 30 on the life of Napoleon. Bismarck and Queen Victoria were each assaulted half a dozen times.

What was outrageous was the high percentage of successes, three out of three in 37 years. The meaning of these figures was clear: foreign rulers were well protected, and American Presidents were not.

From the beginning, Americans had faith that their President would be safe simply because he was elected by the people and was not a tyrant. Americans did not want him to be aloof, isolated by palace guards. Presidents themselves shared this feeling, for political reasons, if none other.

In the face of this attitude, nothing was done to give systematic protection until Czolgosz's shot shattered the last illusions that



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Presidents were automatically safe in a democracy. Soon after, the Secret Service was directed to assume full-time responsibility for protecting the President.

In the more than 50 years that the Secret Service has been guarding the President, it has developed possibly the finest security system of its kind in the world. Under its watchful eye, no President while in office has been killed or wounded by an assassin.

The key to the protection the Secret Service offers is system. "This is a team job," is the way James J. Rowley, the agent in charge of the White House detail, explains it. "Every move has to be planned on a precise schedule, and every man must know what he's going to do. It's like the zone defense in basketball. When one man is pulled out of position, another moves into his defense zone."

If the President, for example, attends a function in the ballroom of the Mayflower hotel in Washington, three more agents are stationed there than would be if he went to the much larger Presidential room of the Statler. The Mayflower has a balcony and the Statler does not.

More agents guard the President in, say, an armory than in a church. An armory has numerous doors, passages and stairs from which an assassin might suddenly confront the President. The Secret Service provides a perimeter de-

fense, so to speak, as well as a close defense, and the more intricate the situation, the greater the number of agents needed to do the job.

The Secret Service provides detective work as well as guards. The Protective Research section tries to ferret out any potential assassin before he appears. Every threatening and obscene letter sent to the President is filed with the Protective Research section. It uses the most modern police methods to discover the identity of anonymous writers.

Through this file, the Secret Service can ascertain whether a threat comes from a new source or an old one. If it comes from an old source, the Secret Service knows in short order what kind of a person the writer is—a blusterer, a garden variety of authority-hater, a drunk, a mental case, a harmless crank, a criminal—and thus can weigh the seriousness of the threat. If it is from a new source, little time will be lost in investigating it.

Agents accompanying the President carry photographs of suspects and would, upon seeing them, bar them from the President's presence. When President Eisenhower went to Bermuda in 1953 to meet Prime Minister Churchill and Premier Laniel, Secret Service agents had photographs of a man who lived on another island but who had spoken threateningly against the President.

Often when the Secret Service is concerned about a person, a mental case, for example, in a city the President is to visit, it will ask his family to keep him home while the President is in town. A local policeman will be posted outside to make sure the promise is kept.

If today's Secret Service system had been in effect 100 years ago, it seems almost certain that neither Garfield, McKinley nor Lincoln would have been attacked as they were.

Czolgosz would have been apprehended long before he reached President McKinley. Ordinarily, when there is to be a Presidential reception nowadays the Secret Service tries to find out beforehand the identities of any disabled persons who are to meet the President. Thus it can establish in advance that bandages and appliances, such as crutches, are bona fide.

In all probability the Secret Service would have spotted Guiteau as a mental case weeks or months before he shot Garfield. Because of his nagging the President for a job for which he had not the faintest qualification, the Secret Service would have been on the lookout for him every time the President moved out of the White House.

When Guiteau arrived at the railroad station a half-hour before the President's train was scheduled to depart, he would have found Secret Service agents posted there, scrutinizing everyone who entered.

The normal Secret Service procedure would be to close to the public, temporarily, the part of the station through which the President was to pass. Any hanging around, like Guiteau's, would have been strictly forbidden.

Finally, Guiteau never could have walked up behind the President. Unless a person is well known to Secret Service agents, they will not allow him near the President.

John Wilkes Booth surely would have found the Secret Service too much for him. Booth would have been a marked man long before he neared the Presidential box. For four years he had been publicly damning Lincoln, blabbing about how famous a man could become by shooting him. The Secret Service would have known that in St. Louis in 1863 Booth had been arrested for intemperate criticism of the administration.

There was, however, a more urgent reason for suspicion of Booth. It somehow was ignored in 1865, but it would have brought swift action by the Secret Service today. More than 25 days before the assassination, a roomer at Mrs. Surratt's boardinghouse reported that Booth and others were engaged in plotting at Mrs. Surratt's, and he speculated that the plot might involve (as, indeed, it then did) the abduction of the President. Furthermore, with Secret Service agents on duty, Booth never

could have reached Lincoln's box.

Of course, no absolute defense is possible against anyone who is willing to give his life to murder the President.

With the President as well protected as he is, however, it would take great ingenuity or immense luck to attack him and escape. Yet if someone is determined, even at the cost of self-sacrifice, to shoot the President there is no guarantee that he cannot do it.

Especially when he is traveling on political campaigns or visiting state fairs or attending a baseball game, the President passes through dense crowds, often standing in the rear of an open car so people can see him.

If there should be an unsuspected assassin in the crowd, the best the Secret Service could do would be to make sure that he was kept at a reasonable distance from the President and that his first shot would be his last. Keeping a crowd back from the President is important, because deadly aim with a firearm becomes increasingly difficult with distance.

The Secret Service would see to it that the President's car kept rolling past the crowd, as a moving target is harder to hit than a stationary one. It would pounce on anyone who tried to duck under a police rope or break for the President's car.

Whenever the President travels by car, several agents ride im-

mediately behind his automobile in one of two specially built eight-cylinder 1938 Cadillacs, one called the *Queen Mary* and the other the *Queen Elizabeth*.

Whether the President's car is going eight miles an hour or 80, a *Queen* clings to it like a steel filing to a magnet. The *Queen* never allows enough of a gap between it and the President for another car suddenly to cut in between, isolating the President from his guard. In the *Queen*, concealed from view but ready for instant use, is a Thompson submachine gun.

When the President's car slows down while going through crowds, agents leap from the *Queen* and jog alongside it, one at each of the four fenders. They are there not only to keep strangers away from the car, but to bat down any missile that might be thrown at the President.

When the President travels by train, he rides, generally, in the specially built Presidential car, the *Ferdinand Magellan*. This hand-somely appointed car has bullet-proof windows and a steel floor of extra thickness as protection against the explosion of a bomb underneath the train. A pilot train often runs ahead to check the rails.

Before all rail trips, the Secret Service arranges with railroad police for special inspection of the right-of-way, including all switches, underpasses, and bridges. In time

of war, these installations are under active guard when the President's train passes through.

Increasingly, Presidents are traveling by air. The strictest precautions are taken to prevent tampering with the Presidential plane. Whether the President happens to be using it at the moment or not, his plane is under an armed guard of the Air Force 24 hours a day every day of the year.

The Secret Service keeps a list of White House food suppliers and maintains an unending check on persons who handle these supplies. To make sure that no one meddles with the food packages after they leave the counter, the Secret Service picks them up in its own truck and delivers them to the White House kitchen.

The President attends dinners at the Mayflower and the Statler so often that particular chefs and waiters known to the Secret Service regularly prepare and serve his food. But when the President eats at places in or out of Washington where the personnel is not well known to the Secret Service, special checks are made on those who are to supply the food and on those who are to prepare and serve it. Frequently the Secret Service insists on observing every step in the preparation of the President's meal, even if he's at a picnic in Arkansas being served by the ladies of a church.

Every year the President receives

numerous gifts of food. Unless the donor is very well known to the Secret Service, this food is carefully inspected after it reaches the White House, or else it is not served to the President.

As for other kinds of gifts, packages delivered to the White House are often fluoroscoped to make sure that the contents are not dangerous. The Secret Service uses electronics in other ways, too, for the President's protection, but for security reasons much of the information about these devices is classified.

It is no secret, however, that the White House detail makes frequent use of radio. Sometimes when the President is moving in crowds, agents receive directions through tiny portable radios they carry in their pockets. When President Eisenhower plays golf, one of the agents who follow him around the course carries a golf bag containing not only a submachine gun, but a built-in, two-way radio. With this radio, he tells the headquarters of the detail where the President is. The radio would also enable attending agents to get help in a hurry.

From the time a man becomes President-elect until he leaves the White House he is never for a moment without the protection of the Secret Service, though this protection is not necessarily visible to him when he wishes privacy.

When the President sleeps at

night, whether at the White House or elsewhere, the Secret Service maintains a constant guard at every elevator and stairway by which an intruder could reach his floor.

When he is working in his office, Secret Service men stand outside the doors and windows. If he takes a yacht trip, they go with him or follow in another boat. When he goes trout fishing, they are stationed on the shore of the stream and in the surrounding woods, on the lookout for snakes, or other harmful intruders.

At church or in the concert hall they sit near him. If he sleeps in a cabin in the wood, as Presidents occasionally do, they stand guard all night under the stars, or in the rain or snow. If he takes a walk, they walk with him, their eyes not on him but on other persons within range of him.

The lesson of Lincoln, Garfield, and McKinley was a bitter one for the American people, but it *was* taken to heart. Better than anyone else, the Secret Service knows it must never drop its guard.



Juvenile Delinquent

TODAY'S JUVENILE courts might well despair of a boy like Andrea's ever becoming a useful member of society. But the world owes some of its greatest works of art to the fact that this 15th-century Italian lad was a juvenile delinquent.

Andrea's mother died soon after he was born. His father worked long hours in a brick factory, and the seven motherless children got little tending. Andrea roamed the streets of Florence as he pleased.

When Andrea was 17, he and his friends were engaged in a gang fight near the city walls. A stone hurled from Andrea's hand struck and killed a young man. Andrea was arrested on a charge of homicide.

The city council of Florence decided that Andrea had had too much freedom. Instead of punishing him, they saw that he was apprenticed to a goldsmith, Giuliano Verrochio. This changed his life. He went on to become a great goldsmith, then an engineer, architect, painter, and sculptor. He adopted the name of his master, and became famous as Andrea del Verrochio.

The same year that Andrea was arrested, a son was born to a peasant woman near Florence. This boy liked to make sketches, but his talent might have perished had his father not shown some of the little drawings to Andrea. The Florentine master quickly recognized the youth's ability, and proposed that he come to his studio to study. For the next ten years, Andrea taught his talented young pupil everything he knew in all the fields in which he was accomplished. The boy's name was Leonardo da Vinci.

Jerry Klein in the *Catholic News* (2 April '55).

Parakeets

*A bird that talks back
makes a better pet*



Are Pals

Condensed from the
*Josephinum Review**

A VAUDEVILLE ARTIST in California has trained 50 little birds to pull each other around in tiny chariots, dance the Lindy, and light his cigars. A bird in Chicago speaks German, English, and Spanish, and whistles *The Star-Spangled Banner* for an encore. A bird in New York has a vocabulary of more than 500 words. And then, there's a physicist's pet in Dayton, Ohio, that has memorized a condensed definition of Einstein's theory of relativity!

The birds are parakeets, perky, colorful little clowns with a natural flair for entertaining which makes them delightful pets. Parakeets are born mimics, clowns, and contortionists. These qualities make them receptive pupils. Once they lose their fear, they learn quickly. In fact, it's amazing what they learn!

There's a parakeet in Hartford, Conn., which is indifferent to the radio except when sportscaster Bob Steele goes on the air. The bird perches in front of the radio the minute he hears Steele's voice, and

doesn't leave until he signs off. His owner claims he even laughs at some of Steele's sports forecasts!

A Chicago bird named Pete starts off the day, when his mistress uncovers his cage, by saying, "Good morning, Alice. Have you had your coffee?"

He is likely to continue with, "It is a beautiful day in Chicago," or get chummy with a remark like, "I'm a beaut. Wanta kiss?"

Timothy the Great, a cinnamon-winged, violet New Yorker, frequently startles guests by stating, "I am a parakeet, erroneously called a lovebird. My name is Timothy the Great. I have a vocabulary of 500 words. Three cheers for the red, white, and blue." This may be followed with, "I'm a bad, bad parakeet," stated with a note of pride.

Timothy is unusual, of course. He learns words so fast that he can pick them up from television commercials.

A parakeet will also develop many tricks of his own, merely from being given a few simple toys. If you give him the advantage of a

*The Rosary Press, S. Columbus St., Somerset, Ohio. May 4, 1955. Copyright 1955 by the Pontifical College Josephinum, and reprinted with permission.

formal education, he can reward you with a seemingly endless repertoire of tricks in addition to talk.

Training your parakeet in tricks is not difficult. First, demonstrate to your bird what you expect of him. Establish a definite cue for each trick, so that he can follow your direction without being handled. A snap or motion of the fingers is more reliable than a spoken cue.

Begin by training him to respond to a perch. He will step onto the perch readily if you nudge his chest with it. The perch stick should be slender enough for his small claws. A rough-surfaced stick is easier for him to grasp than a smooth one.

The perching skill can be adapted to many trapeze tricks. The simplest one is to have the bird hang upside down. First, perch him in the usual way. Then gradually lift his tail until he is bottomsides up.

Riding is another easily taught trick. Simply perch the bird on whatever you want him to ride. To do this, hold him on a perch stick and roll the stick toward the place you wish him to sit. Though it is a simple trick, it is capable of as many variations as the toys you have available. A finger-powered doll carriage, a spring-propelled automobile, or an electric train are possible vehicles.

A narrow rope, braided loosely or crocheted, will soon find its way to a curious parakeet's heart. Throw the rope ladder over the corner of the table. Put the parakeet

on the floor within reach of the rope. Soon the bird will be climbing over the corner of the table. If you make the chain-stitch rope long enough to reach over your shoulder, your pet will climb up, over your shoulder, and down your back.

Experts believe that anyone can teach a parakeet to talk. Women have a slight advantage: their voices have a higher pitch, producing clearer, more definite sounds for the parakeet to imitate. A man can teach successfully if he takes special pains to make all his teaching words or phrases very distinct.

Never raise your voice while training your parakeet. There must be no surprise of sound or movement. Select a time and place in which you can control these factors. Use only one pitch or intonation.

When you give him his talking lessons, you may wish to hold him on your finger. However, if he is still a little flighty, it is better to keep him in his cage during his first lessons. One member of the family should take charge of the talking lessons. Birds must become familiar with one voice.

Repetition is important in teaching the parakeet to talk; the monotony is advantageous. It will keep you from making the training sessions too long. Do most of your training when you have plenty of leisure, and stop as soon as your bird shows the slightest sign of losing interest. It is better to have

several short sessions a day than one longer lesson that may tire him.

After the parakeet has mastered the idea and repeats what you say, it is important to review, every few days, all the things he has learned. Otherwise, he may forget them in the excitement of adding new words to his vocabulary.

When a parakeet speaks, people are likely to listen. This fact, coupled with a Passaic, N.J., bird's eloquence, aided his "family" in recovering him when he flew away. Taffy had been taught his name and address. He left home one day, disregarding pleas from members

of the family. The lady who found him read the newspaper advertisements seeking lost parakeets, but found none for Taffy. Then one day, Taffy piped up: "Hello, Taffy. Billy Van Winkle, Passaic." The woman who had befriended him knew what to do. She telephoned the Van Winkles, and they claimed their bird.

Parakeets are vain little things that like to be the center of attraction. Training them takes patience. But it will pay off because they love human companionship, and their retentive memories make them delightful pets.

Sense of Direction

AROUND THE Pentagon they tell the story of an Air Force pilot assigned to fly a hazardous mission over the jungle. He was given an escape and evasion kit, to use in the event of a crash. He pointed to two vials in the kit and asked, "What are these for?"

"They're to help you get out of the jungle," replied the supply officer. "One contains gin and the other vermouth. In case you get lost, all you do is start mixing a martini. Someone will appear and start telling you that you don't know how to mix a martini right. Then you ask him the way to the nearest town."

Chicago Tribune Press Service.

AN ATTORNEY, arguing a complicated case, had looked up authorities dating back to Julius Caesar. He had spent more than an hour on the most intricate part of his plea when he noticed that the judge seemed inattentive. It was as he had feared: His Honor was unable to appreciate the fine points of the argument.

"Begging Your Honor's pardon," he said, "but do you follow me?"

The judge shifted uneasily in his chair. "I have so far," he answered, "but I'll say frankly, Mr. Jones, if I thought I could find my way back, I'd quit right here."

Arkansas Baptist.

The Boss Goes Back to School

Bell Telephone transforms men who know how to answer questions into men who know what questions to ask

By E. DIGBY BALTZELL

Condensed from *Harper's Magazine**



SEVENTEEN YOUNG Bell Telephone Co. executives gathered in the fall of 1953 on the campus of the University of Pennsylvania. The group, all hand-picked men, were "going back to school." They were doing it, not to learn more about their specific jobs, but to come to grips with some of the great ideas of civilization.

Many business leaders have been frankly worried about the lack of broadly educated executives for top-management positions. Talented young men now climbing the large-corporation ladders too often show the "trained incapacity" of the narrow expert. The reason is clear. Many of them are recruited from business and engineering schools rather than liberal-arts colleges. Moreover, pressure of their jobs narrows rather than expands their interests.

The Bell system, with more than 700,000 employees, is the biggest in-

dustrial organization in America. To keep its tremendous daily traffic of calls, installations, and services humming requires a vast army of technically trained specialists. But at the policy levels, executives are continually forced to solve new problems and find fresh answers to old ones. For some time, Bell's top management has been worried about overspecialization among its younger executives, the very men who will ultimately become the system's imagination.

W. D. Gillen, president of the Bell Telephone Co. of Pennsylvania, is a trustee of the University of Pennsylvania. In 1952, he discussed with the university's administrators a new kind of education for executive leadership. Together they decided that in contrast to the usual training program, young executives needed a really firm grounding in the liberal arts. A well-trained man knows *how* to answer questions, they reasoned; an educated man knows *what* ques-

*49 E. 33rd St., New York City 16, March, 1955. Copyright 1955 by Harper & Brothers, and reprinted with permission.

tions are really worth the asking.

Mr. Gillen took his plan to several other presidents of Bell companies, and got their support. In the spring of 1953 the Institute of Humanistic Studies for Executives, sponsored by Pennsylvania Bell, began at the university. Dr. Morse Peckham, an associate professor of English who had developed a liberal-arts course for businessmen the previous autumn, took on the job of director.

The first group of Bell executives arrived the following September. I, as a member of the faculty assigned to the experiment, got to know them and their problems well.

They came from various sections of the country. But they were all from the middle levels of management. Eleven were between 35 and 40 years of age, three were in their early 30's, and one was 48. Their average length of service with Bell was 13 years. All were married, and all, save one, were fathers. Fifteen were college graduates.

Each was granted a ten-months' leave of absence with full salary so that he could devote all his time to the institute.

To jar the businessmen-students out of the job atmosphere from which they had come, the courses were deliberately arranged so as to go from unfamiliar ideas to those closer to their own lives. In the early months, the men received a concentrated dose of systematic

logic, Oriental history and art, and books like the *Bhagavad-gita* and *The Tale of Genji*. It was a far cry from American business routine. By December, many of the students were depressed. They felt that the strange studies were a waste of time.

But as the end of the program approached, the men were prepared to bring a wide-ranging intellectual experience to bear on problems much closer to home. In the final and most popular course, American Civilization, they spent 12 weeks discussing such problems as: the making of the Constitution; the Haymarket riot and the industrialization of America; *Main Street* and the disillusionment of the 1920's; and *The Lonely Crowd* and American character structure. The course was organized on the theory that one approaches Carol Kennicott's struggles with Main St. from a broader point of view for having known something about Prince Genji in 10th-century Japan.

Each instructor invited a series of guest lecturers. In a hotel club-room near the university, the guests met the students for informal discussion. "You mean," one of them said to me, "that this idea came from business people?" Public relations cut both ways in these meetings.

For ten months, in addition to the regular classwork, the 17 Bell men read constantly (more than the average graduate student).

They also went on formally planned trips to art galleries, museums, and historical sights in Washington, New York City, and Philadelphia; a block of seats was reserved for them at the Philadelphia orchestra; and they visited and studied some of the distinguished architecture in the city.

All the men seemed determined to make the most of the experience. Most of them seemed to want to make up for what they had missed in their formal education. "College wasn't like this, or at least I never found it so," some of them said. One graduate engineer told me, "It was the degree as a ticket to a job, not an education, that we were after in depression days."

Some day, perhaps, men will be "trained" in their teens and "educated" in their 30's. While 20 may be the best age for learning mathematics, chemistry, or engineering, *Hamlet* or *Faust* are probably better understood in maturity. To the Bell students, a discussion of pragmatism was naturally related to their own anxieties about permissive education. (One father, trained in a teachers' college, for the first time during this period disciplined his child without feeling guilty about it.) *Babbitt* suggested disturbing insights into their own lives; and these men who had lived through the depression knew what Walt Whitman was giving up when he left a well-paying editorship to devote his life to poetry.

A real education is an emotional as well as an intellectual experience. Few of the students, for example, will ever forget the lecture on Leonardo da Vinci that was given in the art class.

One morning in May, a student described to me over a cup of coffee the slide-illustrated lecture on Leonardo. When the class was over, so his story went, the lights were turned on, and the instructor walked out of the room with tears in his eyes. After several minutes of silence, the students filed out behind him. The eyes of this executive were also somewhat moist that morning as he described the scene.

The Institute of Humanistic Studies for Executives, we were confident, introduced 17 men of affairs to a new world of ideas, new values, new interests, and to a new type of personality, the intellectual; and the men of affairs changed considerably. They have taken to buying books and building their own libraries; they are collecting classical records; they think about replacing "wall-cover" with art in their homes; and they are more aware of architectural clichés in American suburbs.

One of them said to me, "My brother-in-law recently gave his daughter a convertible for a graduation present. My wife and I thought a trip abroad would have been a much more lasting gift. A year ago, we would have taken the car for granted."

As the course was drawing to its close, each of its members was asked to fill out an anonymous questionnaire in which he was to give his opinion of the course and its effect on him. A number of revealing, if not surprising, changes in attitude came to light. Reading habits, for one thing, had changed.

"I'm taking advantage of our library, reading two newspapers, and reviewing several good news magazines," one man said. Another reported, "I approach newspapers and periodicals with much more curiosity and speculation than before; politics make more sense; the art section in *Time* is not only readable but interesting; and I read the book-review section in the *New York Times*."

Other comments were made by the men at a dinner where Cleo Craig, president of the American Telephone & Telegraph Co., was guest of honor. Craig asked each of the men to summarize briefly what he had gotten out of the course. It was evident that the men had primarily learned something about themselves.

"When I first went to work for Bell during the depression, my job was collecting from the coin boxes," said one. "From that time on, I worked hard, and sacrificed everything to get ahead. Now things are different. I still wish to get along in the company, but I now realize that I owe something to myself, my family, and my community."

A second man said that he was now "less content with personal values than before," and went on to say that the course had "stimulated a creeping discontent and loss of complacency." Another summed up his feelings about the program as follows: "Before this course, I was like a straw floating with the current down the stream. The stream was the Bell Telephone Co. I don't think I will ever be like that straw again."

The men all went back to their jobs in July. Almost six months later, during Christmas week, I talked with seven of them and had long letters from three others. Although the effects of such an educational program as this one cannot be measured with any precision, some interesting reactions of the men are already apparent. All report that they have more confidence in themselves, which, in turn, has "created an even stronger desire for more and broader responsibility in the business."

This self-confidence has, they feel, helped them in making decisions. "I think the chief benefit from the program is a kind of emotional detachment. I don't feel the same personal involvement and emotional insecurity about business problems. This adds to my confidence in taking the risk of decision. I get more sleep now, too!"

Another said, "Although I now see more angles and am less sure that any particular decision is *the*

right one, I am aided in making it by the realization that there is probably no *one* right solution to many problems. I am now much less upset, and more able to learn, by mistakes." Another man says of his new sense of perspective and objectivity, "This may sound contradictory, but I find myself to be much more critical than before and, at the same time, much more tolerant."

These young men of affairs have not become intellectuals. They are not bringing bookish ideas from the program into their business and community life. Rather, they have developed into sympathetic and informed listeners. As one writes, "A particularly well-read person in the company who used to interest me very little has become a fast

friend. I, of course, do most of the listening."

What Americans proudly call know-how has produced many things: great corporations, great bombs, and a great many automobiles and refrigerators. In the Institute of Humanistic Studies for Executives, however, Bell's high managers are seeking to remedy a weakness in American democracy which de Tocqueville, a French observer, saw more than 100 years ago. "It would seem as if the rulers of our time," he said, "sought only to use men in order to make things great; I wish they would try a little more to make great men; that they set less value on the work, and more value upon the workman."

Time will tell to what extent they have succeeded.



Lazy chimney smoke tying ribbons
in the sky.

William Maddigan

Palm trees doing a lazy hula.

Henrietta Waugh

Thunder prowling the sky, using
lightning flashes to find its way.

John Evans

Yachts in harbor, curtseying gently.

G. V. Ellis

Fingers of fog feeling for cracks.

Graham Greene

Butterfly practicing landings on a lily
pad.

LeRoy J. Hebert

Silence holding its breath, listening
for a sound.

Carmen K. Lund

Moon impaled on a lone pine.

Don Blanding

[You are invited to submit similar figures of speech, for which \$2 will be paid on publication. Exact source must be given. Manuscripts submitted for this department cannot be acknowledged nor returned.—Ed.]

Carlton Eldridge Makes Music

*A clear case of the blind leading the
sighted*

By MATILDA ROSE McLAREN
Condensed from the *Magnificat**



IT WAS A CRISP December vesper afternoon, and a downtown church in Springfield, Ill., was filled to capacity. The Oratorio society, about to present Handel's *Messiah*, made its way down the center aisle; then took its place before the altar. This society offers voices from many choirs; and it was not surprising that the tenor soloist was new to us. Confidently he left the choir ranks, took his place, and with dedication and devotion gave us: "Comfort ye, comfort ye my people, saith your God."

"Did you ever hear such a voice?" I whispered to my pew-mate. "He doesn't sound the least bit nervous; but look, his hands keep working." Then I realized the artist was reading Braille. Quickly I consulted my program: Tenor soloist, Carlton Eldridge.

During intermission, my companion volunteered, "Mr. Eldridge is head of the Voice department at

Junior college. My daughter is in some of his classes. She says he's given more than 700 concerts from Ontario to New Orleans. He has sung these *Messiah* solos more than 50 times, even with the Chicago Symphony and the Apollo club.

"He never uses a cane or dog, and says he hopes to prove that 'blindness is not a handicap, just an inconvenience.'"

One has but to visit a Springfield Junior college chorus rehearsal to understand what Carlton Eldridge's students mean when they say, "Five minutes after you've met him, you forget he's blind." The 43-year-old instructor takes the stairs to his 2nd-floor classroom two at a time. Firmly he walks to the piano, removes the cover, and starts informal chats with his young people, several of whom put chairs in order or distribute songbooks.

His call to order is a simple, "O.K." He raises his hand, and

*Sisters of Mercy, Manchester, N. H. May, 1955. Copyright 1955, and reprinted with permission.

gives the student accompanist her signal. Down comes the chord, and all over the room young people take their pitch and go into the warming-up number.

By the time it is finished, every one is in front of his own chair, and 40 pairs of eyes watch for their cue to be seated. Not until then does their leader whip out his little Braille notebook to call the roll, answered by Protestant and Catholic, colored and white; by young people from many states, Mexico, Puerto Rico, and Cuba. Roll call over, the group really settles down for business.

"You five girls across the front row here, let's have *one* tone. I got five then." "Tenors, you're giving me a tiny bit too much." "I know you fellows in the back row are loaded, but let's not jingle coins." "Girls, don't cut off before I do." "Sopranos, page 6, fifth measure, *crescendo!*" He expects their best, and gets it.

With these freshmen and sophomores he puts on modern operas such as *Down in the Valley*, *Solomon and Balkis*, *The Devil and Daniel Webster*, *Amahl and the Night Visitors*. He was recently commended in *International Musician* (March, 1954). Admittedly, the youngsters do not put on professional productions, but they have been exposed to good music, and for many it's their only opportunity.

Carlton Eldridge has fewer discipline problems than many a sighted

teacher. Students say, "He's strict but friendly. During operetta season he expects us, like athletes, to get enough rest, and has been known to check student hangouts."

Everyone enjoys visiting with the Eldridges at 1111 N. 2nd St. You are immediately impressed with the neatly kept lawn, the screened front porch with sunshine-yellow linoleum. On one side, well out of pedestrian range, are the wheel toys of active children.

Your host, a man 5 feet, 10 inches tall, greets you with a hearty handshake, efficiently relieves you of your wraps, and deposits them in a closet. Then he proudly introduces his family: "My wife, Blythe; my daughter, Bonnie; my son, David."

Which, we wondered, is his chair? He sensed our uneasiness, and said, "Just take any seat which looks comfortable," and remained standing until we were all seated. Then he helped himself to an unoccupied rocker. The sound of our voices told him where we were. "I think you'll find that blue one very comfortable," he said, and Blythe laughed.

"He should know," she said. "He upholstered it." If ever love for a mate and pride in his achievements showed in a wife's face, it was in Blythe Eldridge's.

Bonnie, eight years old, with her long curls and mischievous blue eyes, could pose as the typical Irish colleen. She says, "Next thing dad-

dy makes will be a cabinet for my character dolls." David, five, dark-haired and all boy, is anxious to share his cars.

A little lady appeared. Instantly, Carlton was on his feet. "May I present my mother, here on a visit from Lansing?"

The gray-haired, 82-year-old woman looked lost in an average chair. She weighs under 100 pounds, but it's very evident she has tons of energy yet to spend. Her cornflower-blue eyes have seen hardships few of us will ever experience, but her Clooney Irish ancestry provided the stamina to see them through.

"We never knew, for sure, what caused Carlton's blindness," she said. "We were living in Auburn, Ind., when my husband died. I was 37, left with three boys. Carlton was seven weeks old.

"On the very night of the funeral, I noticed one of baby's eyes was watery. I took him to the doctor next day. He didn't think it would amount to much; suggested that maybe he'd poked himself with a finger. In time, I could tell that the baby was seeing with only one eye. When Carlton was five, somebody hit him on his good eye with an icy snowball, and that spring he'd crawl close to dandelions to tell me, 'I *can* see the posy!' but when I saw him step on a baby chicken, I knew his good eye had gone out too."

"Do you remember any baby-

General Melvin Maas, the blind chairman of the President's Committee to Employ the Physically Handicapped, was speaking to a convention recently. "Of course, I'm handicapped myself," he said. The crowd looked sad for him, but then he added, "I have false teeth."

Earl Wilson in the Minneapolis
Tribune (9 May '55).

hood scenes?" I asked Mr. Eldridge.

"Yes. Sky, dandelions, a picture of Jesus in one of my storybooks, and certain birds. A baking-soda company used to enclose bird pictures in each box. I saved those and begged them from neighbors. I still have them—the one tangible thing left from my sighted life.

"Nature study remains one of our hobbies. There's nothing like two or three days in the woods to bring you close to God and soothe 'city nerves.' I collect bird songs, and Blythe gathers insects and flowers."

When she realized her baby was absolutely sightless, Mother Eldridge enrolled him at Michigan School for the Blind. Soon, she learned that boarding students were dependent on each other. They would, for instance, hold hands to cross streets, chain fashion.

"That was not for my boy," she said, with her chin up. So, she enrolled him as a day student. Nights,

while she stood over the ironing board, he recited his lessons to her. Today he sings fluently in German, French, Italian, Spanish; laboriously in Hebrew. While she expected his grades to stay on a par with those of full-time students, she also insisted that he keep their apartment neat.

"Why don't you use a dog or cane?" I asked our host.

"A dog couldn't read house numbers or bus names for me. That's all the help I need."

To temper him with self-reliance took more courage than most mothers could muster. By the time Carlton was ready for high school, the two older boys were graduated as sanitary engineers, and mother was nearing 60. She exposed Eldridge to piano lessons, which he didn't appreciate until at a student concert, when he was 14, he was introduced to Tchaikovsky. Suddenly, music had new meaning. Also, she rented a plot of ground, and told him, "As head of the house, you'll have to put in a garden." He raised enough vegetables not only for table use, but for canning as well.

Leonard J. Chard, who was an Eldridge contemporary and is now director of music, told me, "Carlton started his college studies at Michigan State intending to teach organ and piano. But one day he was singing triads in elementary music. By chance, the late Fred Patton, formerly of the Metropol-

itan Opera, then in charge of voice at the college, overheard him. That was the start of his voice career. Before, he'd avoided even the high-school chorus."

As he was building up concert engagements, Eldridge developed his own method for sight reading. Basically, this method was placing words and music in such an order in a notebook that he could cue his solo entrances. Developing this method of vocal scoring in Braille was to be very helpful later when he decided to go into choral directing.

When the opportunity presented itself, he had not thought much of being a conductor. But he met the challenge by taking a few lessons from Keith Stein at Michigan State college, before taking over the directorship of St. Mary's Cathedral choir.

Shortly after undertaking this position, he organized the Choralettes, a group of business women who wished to sing for fun. After he launched them, he was called upon to help organize a mixed choir of Negroes.

Reminiscing about this period, Eldridge explains, "I made my first of 700 concert appearances in 1938. In 1942, St. Mary's needed a director, and I was simply told, 'Get yourself a few conducting lessons!' I'm not as smooth a conductor as I would like to be, because I haven't had enough training, only from Monday to Thursday of that

week; the rest was instinct. However, I stayed there for eight years."

Those eight years were among the most momentous in his life. While practicing on the organ, sometimes nine hours a day, he learned that a blind person must make his own copies of the masters. For instance, he loves Bach; but not much is available in Braille. Today, he still uses the little Braille slate with which he started in 1st grade, but his collection includes almost 2,000 copies of choral numbers and 400 solos.

It takes an hour to copy the melody of an ordinary song in Braille, which is written in one direction, read in another. (He can read it upside down, as a group of St. Mary's juvenile pranksters learned at rehearsal when Mass music went on uninterrupted!) He once spent 100 hours copying the score and words of *The Passion According to St. Matthew*, only to learn upon arrival that the host choir was using a different edition. There was nothing to do but copy it all over.

Eldridge was graduated from the Institute in 1929, enrolled as an organ major, and graduated with high honors from Michigan State in 1934, one year after his voice had been "discovered" by Professor Patton. He took his Public School Music degree in 1935, and his Master's in Music with distinction in 1949.

Carlton's "good angel," his wife,

came into his life through their mutual love of music. She was a Choralette. Blythe Axford, a product of Ann Arbor, was teaching in the elementary grades of Lansing. They were married 11 years ago, when each was 32 years old. The going wasn't easy. While Carlton was working on his graduate degrees, he was on the extra teaching staff of Michigan State college, and tuned pianos. Voice lessons netted him exactly \$15 the first year. He started to give recitals, on a collection-plate basis. The first one netted \$6.15; the second, \$4.20.

Carlton tried radio. The Michigan State Music federation became interested. Soon the young couple were in position to purchase a little house.

As we sat looking at pictures of Bonnie's 8th birthday party, the telephone rang. A minute later, the man of the house turned to his wife, "They want to know whether you can launder the choir collars before tonight's performance?"

"Why, yes," answered his helpmeet; "but they'll have to do their own ironing." She explained, "I'd finish them, but we're due for three road concerts this week end. Of course, the children and accompanist ride with us. That calls for a bit of preparation. Also, we'll have the annual strawberry festival for the music department in our home next Wednesday."

"The entire department?"

"Oh, I'll do it the easy way; just

bake up about ten dozen short-cakes, stem gallons of berries, brew crocks of iced tea, and let them help themselves."

Male accompanists tell us, that when traveling on a train Eldridge asks only one question, "Is the men's room fore or aft?" From then on the seasoned traveler is on his own. He handles all expenses, folding paper money of given denominations crosswise, lengthwise, one-third over or not at all. Fellow travelers are astonished when he assembles his razor, shaves, and packs his kit more rapidly than they.

Asked, "How come you never bump into things?" Mr. Eldridge explained, "Anyone who doesn't resent blindness can achieve a sense of approach by listening to reverberations. I get them perfectly on leather heels, and I never wear rubber. One chair in the middle of a large classroom might throw me; three, I sense. When walking on unfamiliar ground, I take my companion's arm, never vice versa. His reflexes tell me when we approach a curb or stairway."

When the children were babies, in common with many fathers, Eldridge delighted in throwing them into the air, catching them, and hearing them squeal for joy; in cooking for them when Blythe was sick. Now, he gets a kick out of taking them to movies and museums; teaching David to do carpenter work. When the family

is on tour, he listens to Blythe describe the majesty of mountains, the peace of meadows; then he keeps the experience alive for them by recalling the trips.

The Eldridges believe in doing for themselves. Blythe even made the awnings for their house.

Mother Annunciata, head of the Music department at the college, considers her voice teacher a real find. "When he first came to us," she explains, "Blythe gave him one campus-geography lesson. After that, no one would affront him by offering assistance. You know, sometimes blind folks must develop patience with sighted people.

"His application came to us through an agency, and I had read a short article about his achievements in *Music News*. When I saw how many return concert engagements he'd had, I sent for his transcript. It was almost straight A. I just knew he was a good bet, and we've never changed our minds."

Carlton Eldridge holds memberships in Phi Kappa Phi, Phi Mu Alpha Sinfonia, American Guild of Organists, and the National Association of Teachers of Singing. He has filled engagements in different states on the same day. His former students are teaching in colleges and singing in Metropolitan areas such as Detroit, New York, and Boston. He doesn't have to hope to prove that "blindness is not a handicap, just an inconvenience." He has already proved it!

*Daring rangers use artillery to blast
snow from mountainsides be-
fore it brings damage and
death in its downward
sweep*



The Avalanche Busters

By HOWARD E. JACKSON

Condensed from *Natural History**

JULY IS THE last month of the year in which you would expect snow avalanches. Yet it was on a July 22 a few years ago that one of the strangest avalanche accidents in the history of the country took place, claiming six lives.

The avalanche caught a party of 25 Western Washington college students and faculty who were making an annual climb up Mt.

Baker in Washington. "They were on Deming glacier, about to go over what is known as the Roman Wall, a steep promontory a few hundred feet from the top," according to Bill Parke, who directed rescue work, "when an avalanche caught every member of the party."

The climbers suddenly found themselves standing on a moving carpet of snow. "Dig in!" shouted the guides.

The group frantically sank their alpenstocks and axes into the firm snow underneath, but the force of the slide bent the equipment over like blades of grass. The climbers were quickly swept off their feet. Many dropped into deep crevasses. Only two bodies were ever recovered. To avert such tragedies, the U.S. forest rangers have become snow rangers also. Your own first experience with snow rangers may come while you are traveling a mountain road, summer or winter.

You pull up behind the stalled cars on the mountainous, snow-lined highway. You bolt upright, as you hear the roar of cannon. You hear the screaming of a shell, then a thud as the projectile hits the mountainside. A second blast sounds louder, nearer.

Puzzled, you impatiently await a state patrol car moving down the line toward you. "What's up?" you yell as it draws near.

"Avalanche blasting with artillery," the officer shouts back.

*American Museum of Natural History, Central Park West at 79th St., New York City 24, February, 1955.
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"Dangerous snow conditions threatened the highway. Those shells knocked a slide across the road. Snowplows will clear the way in a few minutes."

Snow rangers work on main and secondary highways in the high Cascade mountains of Washington and Oregon, in the Rockies of Colorado and Utah, and in the snow-capped Sierras of California.

The Swiss long ago learned how to release dangerous snowslides by artillery fire. But avalanche research is new in this country. It had its feeble beginning in 1937-38, when Forest Ranger C. D. Wadsworth was detailed to Alta in the Wasatch mountains of Utah as a full-time snow observer.

The snow rangers fought and won what amounted to a pitched battle, artillery versus avalanches, at Alta during the winter of 1950-51. Since then, more and more western states have become interested in the possibility of controlling snowslides by gunfire. The chief concern of the snow rangers is the safety of skiers using winter sports areas in our national forests.

Accidents do happen—like the one that happened to Keith Jacobsen, only child of Berne Jacobsen, city editor of the *Seattle Post Intelligencer*. Three 17-year-old boys, Keith, Larry Schinke, and Edward Almquist, were on an overnight ski tour to Source lake. Shortly after noon, five miles north of Snoqualmie pass, a slide engulfed

Keith and Larry. Edward escaped. It was three o'clock by the time he made his way back to the pass.

Ross Files was the snow ranger on duty. He immediately dispatched two rescue parties, but the going was rough and the weather foul. Many volunteers had to turn back. Despite shortages of men and supplies, and then darkness and biting cold, he and the remaining helpers found Larry shortly after 9:30 that night.

Larry had recovered consciousness after being hit, to find himself buried under three feet of snow. His arm made a small air pocket which allowed him to breathe. Although trapped for nine hours, he suffered only mildly from exposure. Keith was still missing.

The search went on until midnight, when a storm made further probing and calling impossible. "It was a rough night," Ross relates. "We had but half a dozen sleeping bags among the score of volunteers. The men grabbed what rest they could by taking turns."

At sunrise the search began again. Keith was found at eight o'clock, dead from a broken neck caused when he struck a rock.

His death was especially tragic because it could have been prevented. The boys were not experienced mountaineers. They violated the rules of good ski-touring technique. They did not inquire about snow conditions from the local ranger, and they made the fatal

mistake of exposing more than one member at a time to a dangerous slide area. No doubt, the area looked safe, but any slope of more than 20° can avalanche.

Novices are not the only ones fooled by an innocent-looking slope of snow. In April, 1954, William Degenhardt was caught by an unexpected slide. Degenhardt is president of Seattle's famed Mountaineers, and has been climbing and skiing for more than 30 years. He, his wife, and Mrs. Loretta Slater were working up a hogback which he thought perfectly safe.

The snow had softened to a depth of four inches, and the slope was not steep. Despite these conditions, an avalanche ripped loose. Degenhardt managed to stay on top, but suffered hip and internal injuries when he plunged over a 20-foot drop. The women were not in the slide path. Rescue operations were relatively simple. Degenhardt was embarrassed.

Although the avalanche busters' chief concern is for the skier, they also feel responsible for the safety of pleasure-bound mountain climbers, highway-maintenance men, telephone and pipe-line crews, and loggers.

Today, as more people visit the western mountains, the number of accidents is increasing. During the last two seasons there were avalanche fatalities in Utah, Idaho, Colorado, California, and Washington.

The Forest Service inherited the avalanche problem because most of the desirable skiing terrain is on national-forest land. The Service home base is Alta, Utah. During gold-rush days, Alta was destroyed repeatedly by death-dealing avalanches. It was obliterated finally by snowslides in 1874, with a loss of 60 lives. Other main stations are at Berthoud pass, near Denver, Colo., and Stevens pass in Washington.

The greatest avalanche disaster in our nation's history took place just below the Stevens pass station. It happened at Wellington, Wash., in March, 1910. Three trains were snowbound on parallel tracks. A single snowslide swept them off the little plateau and into the canyon; 118 people were killed and more than \$1 million of rolling stock was destroyed.

Snow rangers were the idea of Monty Atwater, America's No. 1 avalanche buster, who claims his interest in avalanches is prenatal. Two years before he was born, his father was buried in a slide that killed 50 men in a mining camp at Telluride, Colo. Monty's father survived.

Monty was born in a mining camp in Oregon. He himself had his first brush with an avalanche before he was a year old. "A snowslide came in the back door and filled up the kitchen while my mother fled with me in her arms to the front of the house."

He became personally interested in avalanches, as a matter of self-preservation, after he was graduated from Harvard and became a game protector in the Glacier park country. He saw deer, elk, mountain goats, and other animals caught in slides. He saw railroads crumble.

During the 2nd World War, Monty served his country in mountain and winter warfare. Afterward he returned to his old job in Montana. When an avalanche guard job opened up at Alta he took it. There he championed the newly organized avalanche program, and in a few years fathered the Snow rangers.

These bold mountain men are a triple threat to potential snow slides. Busting an avalanche by means of bombardment is only one of their three commando-like tricks. Its chief advantage over the other two methods is that an entire area can be shot out easily and quickly from one location, even during a storm.

Firing projectiles into avalanche paths has disadvantages, though. The conventional 75-mm. or 105-mm. artillery piece is cumbersome in snow-covered terrain, and shells cannot be directed at targets close to fixed installations like chair lifts, rope tows, and shelters. But the advantages will far outweigh the disadvantages when the lighter, more mobile, recoilless 75-mm. rifles become available.

Fighting avalanches with dynamite is the second technique. It is somewhat more dangerous than supervised shellings, which generally are made with the aid of army or state-guard units. With the blasting technique, the avalanche is triggered by tetrytol, C-3 or TNT blocks. The charges are placed in holes or tossed out so that the operator can work from a protected position.

"Skiing down" an avalanche is the third stratagem used by snow rangers. It is by far the most dangerous; takes skill and good judgment; and can be troublesome even for an expert.

Two men work together. They climb over a safe route to the top of the slide area. One man keeps watch. The other makes a ski run across the face of the prospective slide, cutting it inches above the fracture point.

Beforehand, this "trigger man" generally loosens his ski bindings and unfastens his ski-pole slings. If he is caught in a slide, he can quickly shake off these encumbrances and save himself by "swimming" on top of the snow. He also trails a long red parachute cord behind him. His partners, he hopes, will find him by following the cord if he does get buried.

His weight, and the shearing effect of his skis, crack open the snow with a loud snap. As he races for safety, the avalanche breaks loose, piling up at the bottom to a

depth of 50 to possibly 100 feet.

Despite the danger, no snow ranger has ever taken a fatal ski ride. A number have been caught. Some have been buried. Generally they get tripped up when stubborn snow requires a second run. The snow starts sliding just as they enter the area and quickly engulfs them. Avalanches have been clocked at more than 100 miles an hour.

Alexander Cushing is one of the few men to win a race with an avalanche. It happened at Aspen, Colo., in 1948. He, Percy Rideout, and Alexander McFadden were sweeping down a steep slope into a shallow trough. Rideout, first, ended halfway up the opposite slope. McFadden, second, stopped at the bottom. Cushing was halfway down when he heard the awful hissing sound of hundreds of tons of snow let loose behind him. Terrified, he raced ahead of the avalanche and was saved only by gaining some distance up the opposite slope. McFadden never had a chance; he was engulfed.

If caught by an avalanche, a person should do what he can for himself—and it is precious little. "Riding it out is like being tumbled in the surf," Monty says. "You come to the surface, then get sucked under again. You can't tell

which end is up. The mass of snow and ice seems alive. When it slows down it closes in on you, and crushes you with a great suffocating weight."

Since there is a wavelike action to avalanches, a heave will sometimes help bring you to the surface. Once Monty did that and the avalanche spit him out. Another time a heave at the right instant enabled him to stick his head out of the snow.

If a man is buried when the slide stops, a big heave at the last moment will give him breathing room. A mask of ice will form around his face soon enough, and cut off his air supply—so this last heave is important. The snow rangers figure they have about two hours to get a buried man out alive. After that, his chances dwindle rapidly.

Combating avalanches isn't all blood and thunder. Behind the spectacular is the studying. Snow rangers attend avalanche schools at the various observation stations. Training includes simulated rescues, actual blasting and skiing down a slope, plus long classroom sessions in avalanche control, forecasting, first aid, chair-lift and rope-tow inspection, and safety practices in ski mountaineering.



THERE ARE TWO books which should be kept in every home and should be read by every member of the family: the Bible, which tells of the miracles of God, and the seed catalogue, which proves them.

Frank Cetin.



By JOHN L. SPRINGER
Condensed from *Bluebook**

Trade Your House



NINE YEARS AGO, Lillie and Bill Jenkins bought a two-bedroom house in New York's Westchester county. Then three children arrived in rapid succession, and the Jenkins' dream house soon turned into an obstacle course. So Bill Jenkins started hunting for a bigger place.

He ran into a builder in White Plains who had just put up a three-bedroom house with two baths and an expansion attic.

"Just right," thought Bill. "Now all I have to do is find a buyer for my own house." But he didn't have to. The builder agreed to take Bill's house as a trade-in, allowing \$15,000 for it. With the \$15,000, Bill paid off the mortgage on his old house and had \$6,000 left over. This, plus \$2,000 of his savings, covered the down payment on the big new house.

Bill's experience is becoming common. More and more builders are now taking old homes in trade for new ones, just as auto dealers take cars as trade-ins. The advantages of trading in a house are similar to those of trading in a

A standard practice of the automobile business is being adopted by the home builders.

car. 1. There's less fuss and bother. 2. You don't have to wait to sell your old house before you buy a new one. 3. You often get more money on a trade-in than you would if you sold your house outright.

The trade-in trend in houses is a product of the times. The average man who buys a house these days no longer lives in it the rest of his life. In about seven years, according to U. S. Department of Commerce estimates, he goes shopping around for another house—usually one that's larger, more modern, or in a better location. Right now, almost half the people in the market for a new house already own one. And they have to get their money out of that one before they can buy another. So, for the buyer, the trade-in idea is a natural.

And from the builder's point of view, it's a good way of promoting sales of new houses. People just

*230 Park Ave., New York City 17. April, 1955. Copyright 1955 by the McCall Corp., and reprinted with permission.

aren't buying as readily as they did after the 2nd World War. The builders, of course, aren't losing anything by accepting trade-ins. They often make a profit on the traded-in house as well as on the new one.

How do you find builders who will take trade-ins? Call them up and ask them. In some localities you don't even have to do that. A salesman will come knocking at your door to offer you a deal. In California, builders run full-page newspaper ads and sponsor radio jingles to arouse interest in their trade-in plans. But in some other parts of the country, builders are still reluctant to trade.

"Right now, I can sell every house I build," Jack Greenman, a Long Island builder, told me. "My profit margin is too low to enable me to fool around with older ones. Of course, if selling the new ones gets rough, I'll do what I can to keep in business. But right now, I don't need to take trade-ins."

A lot of the big developers still feel this way, according to the National Association of Home Builders. Probably your best prospect for a trade-in is the builder who puts up no more than a dozen houses a year and who is equipped to do a modernization job on your old house, if necessary.

Some builders will take your house whether it's one or 100 years old. The newer houses they sell as is; the older ones they remodel

first. For example, the builder who took Bill Jenkins' house (for \$15,000) repainted the outside and installed an electric dishwasher and a new linoleum floor in the kitchen at a cost of \$600. He then sold the house for \$16,300, making a profit of \$700.

Looking at the deal in another way, the \$700 could be considered a commission that Bill paid to the builder for selling his house. If Bill had sold the house through a broker, he would have had to pay a bigger commission. So he came out ahead on the trade-in.

The problem in a trade, of course, is this: how do you know whether a builder's offer is reasonable? If you think you're getting fleeced, pay an independent appraiser for his cold-blooded opinion. That might save you a few thousand dollars—or it might make you take a more down-to-earth view of what your house is really worth.

"I don't know why," one builder told me, "but an old house with a leaky roof, plumbing that won't work, and wiring that blows a fuse every time the toaster is turned on suddenly becomes a pearl of great value when the owner wants to sell it. I have to turn down one or two deals a week because owners refuse to be realistic."

Trade-in deals vary with the builder. Most builders give a flat guarantee for your house when you contract for a new one. If you

think you can get more for it yourself, you have a free hand for 30 days. If you can't sell it in that time, you can fall back on the builder's price.

Other builders will try to sell your house at your price, even if it seems high. If they succeed, they take no commission. But if it doesn't move after 30 days, they buy it from you at the lower price previously agreed upon.

You don't necessarily have to buy a higher priced house when making a trade. Orrin and Grace Fisk had six children and a large house. Eventually, three children married, one son took a job in Washington, and another went into the army. With only one daughter at home and Mr. Fisk nearing retirement, their ten-room house was too big and expensive to keep up.

A new three-bedroom model in a near-by development attracted them. The sales agent offered them a 60-day option on the new house which they could drop if he failed to sell the older one at their price within that time.

After five weeks, the older house sold for \$28,500. Since Mr. Fisk had been paying on the mortgage for 16 years, he had to pay off only \$4,200. He then paid \$16,000 cash for the new home and invested the rest, \$8,300, in blue-chip stocks. The dividends each year will cover his taxes.

If you've paid off a big chunk on your present home, it's possible

to trade it in for a more expensive one and wind up with extra cash. You simply swap a low mortgage for a high one.

The trade-in idea helps just about everybody. The owner of an old house can trade it in for a new house with all the gadgets he wants. The builder makes a profit on the new house he sells and, if he's smart, may come out ahead on the sale of the old house that he takes in trade and modernizes. The buyer of the older house gets a sound one with low down payment.

But what about the fellow who has neither a house to trade nor the cash for even a small down payment? Well, the trade-in plan may just possibly work for him, too.

Builders have also been known to take such varied items as automobiles, farms, and bulldozers as down payments on new houses.

Not long ago, a dentist showed up at John Worthman's housing project in Fort Wayne, Ind. The dentist told Worthman that he liked the kind of houses Worthman built, but couldn't make the down payment.

Worthman stroked his chin reflectively. "Maybe we can make a deal anyway," he said.

So while the workmen poured the foundation for the new house, Worthman and his subcontractors paraded into the dentist's chair for \$3,000 worth of tooth repairs.

*He devoutly, and on principle, believed
in lying, cheating, and murdering*

Karl Marx Was a Bad Man

By MAX EASTMAN

Condensed from "Reflections on the Failure of Socialism"

THE NOTION of Karl Marx as a benign brooder over man's sorrows, who would be horrified at the tricks and duplicities of present-day communists, is as false as it is widespread. Marx had a bad character. His best eulogists find it hard to ascribe a virtue to him, except, indeed, tenacity and moral courage.

If he ever performed a generous act, it is not recorded. He was a totally vain, slovenly, egotistical, spoiled child. He was filled with spiteful hatred. He could be devious, disloyal, snobbish, anti-democratic, anti-Semitic, anti-Negro. He was by habit a sponge and an intriguer. He was a tyrannical bigot who would rather have wrecked his party than see it succeed under another leader.

All these traits are clear in the records of his life, and above all in his private correspondence with his inexhaustible sugar daddy, Friedrich Engels. Bits in this correspondence are so revolting that they had to be suppressed to keep the myth of the greathearted Karl

Marx, champion of the downtrodden, alive at all.

Here is one example. Ferdinand Lassalle was eclipsing Marx as leader of a genuine working-class movement in Germany. Marx and Engels discovered him to be a Jew, and they called him "Baron Izzy," "oi-oi, the great Lassalle," "the little Jew," "the little kike," "Jew Braun," "Izzy the bounder," and—"a Jewish nigger"! "It is perfectly obvious from the shape of his head and the way his hair grows," Marx wrote, "that he is descended from the Negroes who joined Moses on the journey out of Egypt, unless perhaps his mother or his grandmother had relations with a nigger."

Only the Russian Bolsheviks, who went in for the religion of immorality with a barbaric candor impossible to an urbane European, had the hardihood to publish Marx's letters unexpurgated.

I use the word *religion* in a precise sense. Although he dismissed God as a hoax and the heavenly paradise as a decoy, Marx was not

by nature skeptical nor experimental. His habits of thought demanded a belief both in paradise and in a power that would surely lead us to it. He located his paradise on earth, calling it by such beatific names as the Kingdom of Freedom, the Society of the Free and Equal, and the Classless Society.

Everything would be blissful and harmonious in Marx's paradise to a degree surpassing even the dreams of the utopian Socialists. Not only would all "causes for contest," all caste and class divisions disappear, but all divisions between city and country, between brain and manual worker. Men would not even be divided into professions.

It would seem that only a benign deity could guarantee such a future to mankind, and only by teaching a higher morality could He lead us to it. But Marx hated deity, and regarded high moral aspirations as an obstacle. The power on which he rested his faith in the coming paradise was the harsh, fierce, bloody evolution of a "material" and yet mysteriously "upward-going" world.

He convinced himself that to get in step with such a world we must set aside moral principles and go in for fratricidal war. He buried that mystical and antimoral faith under a mountain of economic rationalizations pretending to be science. But that doctrine is Marx's one wholly original contribution to man's heritage of ideas.

Marx's materialism was not genuine. It was a disguise. The universe of Marxism, to put it briefly, is a pantheistic god masquerading as matter.

I think Whittaker Chambers is wrong when he says in his book *Witness* that the issue between Soviet communism and the free world is that between belief in man and belief in God. The communists believe that man is only part of the superhumanly ordained movement of the universe. That movement is their god, and it is that god who exempts them from the laws of morality.

Marx was so sure that the world was going to be redeemed by its own evolution that he would not permit his disciples to invoke moral ideals. He really meant it when he said the workers have "no ideal to realize"; they have only to participate in the contemporary struggle. He expelled people from his party for mentioning in their programs such things as love, justice, humanity, even morality itself. He called such expressions "soulful ravings," "sloppy sentimentality," and purged the astonished authors as though they had committed the most dastardly crimes.

Later in life, when Marx founded the First International, he felt compelled for the sake of a big membership to soft-pedal his high-brow insight into the purposes of the universe. He wrote privately to Engels, "I was obliged to insert in

the preamble two phrases about 'duty and right,' ditto 'truth, morality, and justice.'" But these lamentable phrases, he assured his friend, "are placed in such a way that they can do no harm."

The mystic faith in evolution set Marx's mind free to replace honest campaigns of public persuasion with schemes for deceiving the public and tricking his way into positions of power. It was Marx, not Lenin, who invented the technique of the "front organization," the device of pretending to be a democrat in order to destroy democracy. Marx invented, too, the ruthless purging of dissident party members and the use of slander.

It was Marx and Engels who adopted "scorn and contempt" as the major key in which to attack the opponents of Socialism. They introduced a literature of vituperation that has few parallels in history. Even the political master stroke of giving land to the peasants "initially" in order to take it away from them when power is secure came from the same source.

After Marx's death, so strong a force was set going to sanctify him that these practices were largely forgotten among Western Socialists. His religion of immoralism was smoothed over. But in Lenin's mind that religion found a perfect home, for Lenin had grown up under the influence of the terrorist wing of the Russian revolutionary movement.

Lenin was an ardent admirer of Nechayev, a rabid zealot of the 1870's. Nechayev, in his famous *Catechism of a Revolutionist*, declared that the revolutionist "has severed every link with the social order and with the entire civilized world." He taught the doctrine that "everything which promotes the success of the revolution is moral, everything which hinders it is immoral." Nechayev was denounced even by his sufficiently violent colleague, the anarchist Bakunin, as a dangerous fanatic who "when it is necessary to render some service to what he calls 'the cause' stops at nothing—deceit, robbery, even murder."

But Lenin startled his early friends by defending this madman and honoring his memory. Thus, before he became a Marxist, Lenin had arrived by an emotional road at that rejection of moral standards which Marx deduced from a pretended science of history. The confluence of the two streams of thought is one of the greatest disasters that ever befell mankind.

Lenin was even more credulous and more concrete than Marx and Engels in describing the beauties of life in the paradise toward which the world was traveling. In his Socialism, every "barrow pusher" and every kitchen maid was to take part in government. He was also more specific in describing the sorts of vile conduct that must be used to help it along.

"We must be ready to employ trickery, deceit, law-breaking, withholding and concealing truth," he exclaimed. "We can and must write in a language which sows among the masses hate, revulsion, scorn, and the like toward those who disagree with us."

Acting upon such principles, Lenin used lies and character assassination; he encouraged robbery to gain funds for the millenium. His disciples have carried the faith forward, not stopping at any crime from assassination to state-planned famine and military massacre.

A chief organizer of bank robberies and holdups was the Georgian Djugashvili, who took the party name of Stalin. Belief that the end justified such crimes was instilled in Stalin from the day of his revolt against Christian theology. He had no other education, touched no other conception of the world.

Stalin was once described by Archbishop Curley as "the greatest murderer of men in history," and the record when it is calmly written may bear the description out. But he took no step beyond the logical implications of a devout belief in brutal and dishonorable conduct. He merely followed through on the doctrine invented by Marx, that to enter the "Kingdom of Freedom" we must set aside moral standards. We must place "duty and right, truth, morality, and justice," where "they can do no harm."

Or, in Lenin's words (spoken to an all-Russian Congress of Youth): "For us, morality is subordinated completely to the interests of the class struggle of the proletariat."

We have not entered, alas, the Kingdom of Freedom, and the Classless Society has failed to appear. Everything under the communists moves in the opposite direction. But the religion of immoralism flourishes. The notion of an earthly paradise in which men shall dwell together in brotherhood is used to justify crimes and depravities surpassing anything the modern world has seen. And that is true not only in Russia, but wherever the power of the communist conspiracy extends.

Such a disaster never happened to humanity before. No such religion ever existed before. That is why even statesmen have been bewildered by it. After years of being assiduously swindled by the Kremlin, they still find it hard to believe that any human animal can be, on principle and with devout and selfless fervor, a liar, a murderer, and a cheat.

Some people look wistfully for a rebirth of the old simple decencies among Stalin's successors. They will look in vain. These men have been brought up in the same school. They are fanatics of the same anti-moral and antiscientific religion. Only the disproof and dislodgment of Marxism will ever cure the world of its present sickness.

Now I remember just how it came about

✠ I Enter Carmel ✠

By MOTHER CATHERINE THOMAS

Condensed from "My Beloved: The Story of a Carmelite Nun"*

THE LAST WEEK of 1927 I was in New York City to do some long planned-for shopping. While there, I made my sister Anna's apartment my headquarters. I was still in my teens.

That New Year's morning, I set out to attend five o'clock Mass at a near-by church. As I hurried down the stairway, I heard laughing voices from the main floor. A gay New Year's eve party was breaking up.

I hesitated as the young couples scrambled out the door. A young man gallantly held the door for me. I sent a mumbled "Thank you" in his direction, and hurried toward church.

In a few seconds, I heard a voice behind me. "May I see you home?" It was the young man.

"I'm not going home," I replied. The darkness and stillness

made me afraid. I shivered, and hurried a little.

"Well," he insisted, "may I see you to where you are going?"

"To church."

"Then, may I see you to church?" he asked.

For want of anything else to say, I replied, "Of course, if you would like to."

Then I asked, as casually as I could, "Are you a Catholic?"

He told me that he was, but I was not convinced. "Let me hear you recite the Act of Contrition," I said, half in fun. He recited it perfectly.

After Mass, he asked if he might see me home. I said Yes. It was drizzling, and he held my umbrella over both of us. I explained to him that I came from Monticello, N.Y., and was visiting a sister.



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Before leaving me at my door, he said, "May I have your name and address? And may I write to you?"

I told him my name, but not my address. "That will do you no good," I said; "for you cannot see me again. In three weeks I am entering the Carmelite Order."

He stared. "Gee," he said, "it's like a story you'd read in the *Messenger of the Sacred Heart*."

Even in my grammar-school days, I wanted to become a nun. I thought it was the best thing any girl could do, though I must admit that I was far from nunlike in my conduct.

Before I was born, papa and mama moved to Monticello, N. Y. Papa had become rather prosperous in the hotel business, but he had to retire after an injury. This was providential, because, as mama often said, it was easier for her to raise her large family in the country than it is for the modern big-city mother to raise a family of three. There were 13 of us children in all.

During my freshman year at Monticello Public High, I drew a poster for an English essay, entitled *Steppingstones to Success*. I was thrilled when my poster was displayed on the bulletin board. It was a child's conception of St. John of the Cross's *Map of Perfection*, though at that time I had never heard of St. John of the Cross. Like him, I pictured a

Mount of Perfection, with Heaven at the summit as the goal.

Not all my free time during high school was spent in thinking of my vocation. I was a true daughter of the "roaring 20's," and had my share of the special madness of that era. After school hours, I dashed to the gymnasium to play basketball, or to dance. I was having so much fun in school that I often begged God to change his mind about wanting me to be a nun.

Like many young people, I thought one had to "feel pious" to be sure of having a vocation to the Religious life. At that age, far from "feeling pious," I was becoming more and more attracted to the world.

I was too young then to understand the difference between a counsel and a command or to realize that when God invites us to a higher life, He does not back up the invitation with a threat.

I used to wish that my older sisters (there were 11 girls in our family) would talk to me about my problems. But it never occurred to them that I so much as had a problem.

I did not then realize that a girl could ask a priest *anything*. When I finally steeled myself to open my soul to my confessor, my troubles seemed almost at an end.

Mama had a way of making sure we did not remain children for long. She gave each of us responsi-

bilities to prepare us to face the world. She had specific hours for each chore, and she often scolded me for running off to the attic during worktime. I learned the value of time and the necessity for order in one's daily life. The lessons were arranged to prepare me for married life, but I have found them of equal value in the cloister.

When I was about half way through high school, Mr. Cooke, a local attorney, offered me a job as his secretary. I took it, despite my mother's and father's objections to interrupting my education. I knew how badly our family needed the money.

One of my fondest recollections is the atmosphere of absolute honesty and humble simplicity that reigned in Mr. Cooke's office. The first day I was in the office Mr. Cooke asked me how to spell the word *separate*. I was flattered.

I often used to visit, during lunch hour, a nun I knew, Sister Winifred. She was a novice, dying of tuberculosis. She thrilled me one day by asking me to dress myself in her beautiful habit. More than anyone, she taught me the meaning of sacrifice.

I decided that a retreat might help me with my problem. A friend suggested the St. Regis Cenacle on Riverside drive in New York City.

As soon as I could, I sought a private interview with the retreat master. Father's searching gray eyes watched me carefully as I

haltingly told him a bit about myself. "I want to enter Carmel, Father."

"Child, you are too thin to think of doing anything like that right away. I'd never approve a girl entering the austere Order of Carmel until she was at least 26."

I counted on my fingers: eight more long years.

Father asked questions. He concluded that I knew too little about life. "You must first see more of the world, Cecelia," he said.

I followed the retreat master's advice, and saw and heard regularly from two boys who belonged to our local dramatic society. Selden and Steve often came to the house, and the family did what they could to encourage what they thought a budding romance.

Selden and Steve were part of the "imported talent" which our coach, Mr. Castle, used for our shows. They would spend their week ends and vacations at Monticello; and since some of us girls spent our winter vacations in New York, we saw a great deal of each other.

I was delighted to learn that Selden's sister, Virginia, was a Carmelite nun. He brought me some of her letters to read. I was fascinated by her stories of life within the enclosure and by her gay, gentle humor. I wrote to her, plying her with questions.

Steve and Selden each used various arguments to show me that

my life was never meant to be wasted in a cloister. But my heart still longed for Carmel.

Shortly after I returned to Monticello, my father died.

I was praying that my 18th birthday would be spent in the convent. But could I secure my mother's consent? And would they accept me without it before I was 21?

Father FitzGerald, my spiritual adviser, promised to get the answers for me. The next time he was in New York City, he had a long talk with Mother Teresa, the Carmelite prioress. She invited me for a visit.

My heart missed a beat when the Carmel tower came into view. In my first interview, I was, for a time, bewildered by having to speak through a grille. It was like talking to a stranger over the telephone. But the soft, motherly tones soon put me at ease. I briefly described the main features of my life and family background.

Convinced that by now I had seen enough of the "other side" of life, the Mother said, "To continue going with young men, Cecelia, when you find your heart becoming inclined to them, would be dangerous to your vocation."

It was not as easy as I had hoped when it came time to tell Steve that I could not go out with him any longer. I had not realized how attached I had really become to him.

Mother Teresa had told me that

one of the requirements for Carmelites was a complete high-school education. She suggested that I quit work and go to a Catholic high school.

Toward the end of my visit, Mother said, "Now, Cecelia, there are three things I want you to give up."

Expecting to hear her speak of some dark faults of character, I stammered, "And what are they, Reverend Mother?"

With a slight chuckle, she answered, "*Gee, gosh, and golly!*"

My mother was not pleased. She said that she would not give her consent before I was 21. In fact, the opposition of my whole family became more vociferous as my entrance to Carmel became more certain. They did not object entirely to my becoming a nun. In fact, several members of the family said they would consider it a blessing on the family if I were to enter a teaching or even a nursing Order. But a Carmelite cloister—anything but that!

"What is so unreasonable about a person's wanting to get in close contact with God?" I demanded. "Suppose I do spend my life thinking about Him and 'doing things' for Him in a place where there will be nothing to distract me. Is that so utterly absurd?"

But all my arguments left mama unmoved. She said, "What about the fasts and penances? You could never stand them, with your health.

If you did go in, you'd soon be home."

I sobbed myself to sleep.

One evening before retiring, I felt nauseated, and vomited blood, not much, but enough to scare me. My married sister Catherine was visiting us, and I called her. She promised not to tell mama until after I had seen the doctor.

I felt no pain. As I knelt before my crucifix, a great calm flooded my whole being. I abandoned myself to the will of God, and soon went to sleep. In fact, I was so reconciled that the next morning I was somewhat disappointed to discover that I had not died.

On Monday, my sister drove me to our family doctor. He told me that I had tuberculosis. "I shall speak to your mother about a sanatorium," he said.

Mama would not hear of a sanatorium. She would take care of me at home. Sometimes she would permit me to sit in the sun on the porch, but most of the time I lay flat on my back in bed.

One beautiful fall day, I could not contain my impatience. I dressed, and hurriedly made my way to the very top of Wintergreen hill. I was breathless, but there was no hemorrhage. I said nothing to mama about my hike, but I asked her if I could see the doctor again.

He made a careful examination. Then he told mother, "I can find no tubercular symptoms; her lungs seem perfectly normal."

I kept Mother Prioress at Carmel informed of everything by mail. I forwarded the doctor's report to her.

I was called to the New York Carmel on Thanksgiving day to make my formal application. I was beside myself with excitement.

I entered the "speak room" to await Mother Teresa on the other side of the iron grille. I heard not one but several nuns enter the enclosure. My heart pounded. Suddenly, Mother Teresa opened the black-curtained screen, and pulled aside the shutters that ordinarily conceal the adjoining room. Each nun tossed back the black veil which hides her from the world. For the first time, I beheld the joyous faces of the Carmelites.

These Sisters, Mother told me, were the "chapter nuns," who had a voice in whether I could be admitted as a postulant.

First I was asked routine questions, such as my full name and date of birth. But this was only the beginning. Each nun then questioned me.

One of the Sisters asked about my family. They were surprised when I told them I was one of 13 children, 11 of whom were still alive, five already married. The Sister asked if our home life was happy, and why my family objected to my vocation.

I told her that our family was very happy, and that they objected to my vocation only because they

did not understand the Carmelite life.

Another nun asked whether I "liked people," if I had many friends, and enjoyed parties. I confessed that I loved people, and that I had many friends, and that I enjoyed parties very much.

"We are happy to hear that you come not because you have found no pleasure in the world," Mother Teresa said.

One nun asked me what talents I had. I told about my painting and music and my housework at home under my mother's tutelage.

Another Sister asked me if I could eat anything and everything that was served. I assured her that I could.

I was hardly prepared for the next question. "Why do you want to be a Carmelite nun?" asked Mother Teresa, who had been silently taking in my replies.

"Well, I think it is what God wants me to be . . . and I am convinced that by a life of prayer and penance I can do the most good . . . and because I feel that as a Carmelite I can best answer the special call to perfection."

Mother Teresa interrupted. "My child, there is no 'special' call to perfection. All Christians are given this counsel. Life in Carmel is the Christian life carried out, as far as we are able, to its logical end. Between your life, should you enter Carmel, and your sisters' lives in the world there will be only a

difference of emphasis. It is possible for your sisters to attain a higher degree of perfection if they love God more and serve Him better than you do in the cloister."

Above all things, Mother Teresa was interested in a love for our Lord. She said one must have great love to take up her cross every day and follow in faith her beloved Jesus. Only such love can make the life possible. Any girl who comes "to seek peace" or because she loves solitude must be carefully tested.

Mother Teresa ended the interview by saying, "Cecelia, my child, we shall let you know soon what decision we have come to. Meanwhile, remember that our cloistered life is one of all or nothing. If you desire to be a Carmelite, you must want to give yourself completely to God."

I thanked Mother for everything, went into the chapel, and tried to pray. But I was too excited even to thank God properly for his wonderful gift of my vocation.

On returning to Monticello I told everyone how happy the nuns at Carmel were. I told about Mother Teresa's sparkling brown eyes—later I discovered they were not brown at all. Also, I spoke of Sister Agnes' weak lungs, how she was coughing continually into her handkerchief. Later she explained to me that her "coughing" into her handkerchief was to keep from choking with laughter at some of my answers!

Because of the unsympathetic attitude of my family, I went personally each day to the post office for the letter I was expecting from Mother Teresa. Often I would stand looking up pleadingly at the glass window. One day, the clerk leaned over the counter and said, "What's the matter with that guy of yours? Doesn't he *ever* write to you?"

But at long last the waiting came to an end. I had been accepted for the cloister! I was to enter on the feast of Saint Agnes, Jan. 21.

It was the week before Christmas. My heart was racing with joy. Should I tell mama immediately? I decided to wait for at least a few days.

But it was impossible for me to restrain my full heart any longer. The day before Christmas, I broke the news. Without uttering a word, mama walked out of the room and left me in tears.

To leave home is, to some extent, to die. I took a last look around at the familiar rooms and the things in them. I was never to see them again.

It was snowing the day I left home, large, gently falling flakes which seemed to add to the quiet that suddenly enveloped everything and everyone. Though I had thought of some consoling, grateful words for my mother and sisters, I could say nothing.

Father FitzGerald came with mama and me to New York. That

was a great relief to me, and a consolation to my mother. We had dinner together in New York, and Father teased me about my last meat meal. "There are 365 fish days on the Carmelite calendar, Cecelia!" he said, offering me a raw oyster.

Mama and I stayed that night at my sister Anna's. They begged me to dress in my postulant's habit. To please them, I did. And just for fun, and for the last time, I did the Charleston. Anna said, "Cecelia, you'll last about three weeks in that monastery."

As the moment came for the enclosure door to swing open I embraced my mother for the last time. I tried to think of something funny to say to keep her from breaking completely under the strain. I recall what it was I whispered to her, but I haven't the humility to repeat it. It worked. The spell was broken; mama laughed.

I went to the enclosure door and stepped inside. I found myself kneeling in the midst of three veiled nuns, one of whom handed me a crucifix, which I pressed to my lips. "*Passio Christi, conforta me.*" These were the first words I heard on leaving the world's tumult and its pleasure. Passion of Christ, comfort me! It did indeed comfort me.

Then the nuns threw back their veils, and I saw that it was Mother Teresa who had given me the crucifix. She and the others then em-

braced me affectionately. My bags were carried off, and Mother Teresa escorted me through the silent corridor to the room adjoining the chapel sanctuary.

It was like a dream. I was in a world completely different from anything I had ever imagined. Everything here seemed tinged with God. This is where I had longed to dwell, to adore, praise, and love God all the days of my life.

Pointing to a statue of Mary, Mother Teresa said, "There is the real superior of the monastery. Put yourself into her hands. She will always be your Mother, and she will mold you into a perfect spouse of her divine Son."

In the recreation room, Mother smilingly presented me to the entire Community. The Sisters embraced me. "Welcome to Carmel! I wish you much joy!" To each word of welcome I gave the Carmelite response, "God reward you, Sister."

In the excitement, no one had suggested that I remove my coat and "stay a while." Now the novice mistress helped me remove it. There were a few muffled giggles. The nuns were amused at my 1928 skirt line.

I was curious to see everything on the inside of the enclosure, but most of all to see the room I would henceforth call "our cell." A Carmelite nun is never permitted to refer to anything, except her faults, as "mine." She owns nothing, not

even her clothing. Her bed, her tableware—all are referred to as "our."

From the moment I stepped inside "our" cell I fell in love with its simplicity. Its plain walls and crude furnishings seemed in perfect harmony with the spirit of Carmel.

The wooden cross on my wall, Sister Marie told me, had no corpus because in spirit I was to take our Lord's place there. "With Christ I am nailed to the cross." The small skull on the table was to be a constant reminder that life on earth is fleeting.

I took out my brown postulant's dress, and removed my secular clothes for the last time. When next I appeared before the nuns, I proudly wore the Carmelite postulant's full-length skirt.

It was not easy to acquire perfect monastery table manners. We file into the refectory in silence; at the center of the room each nun bows to the cross, then proceeds to her place, where she stands until after Grace has been said. At the signal from the prioress, we sit down. The spiritual reading begins, and the meal is served by the nuns appointed for that duty.

A nun is never allowed to speak in the refectory. This I found difficult in the beginning. I thought the silence would be broken on Sundays, but Sunday came, and there was no talking. Then I thought talking would be allowed

on great feast days like Easter, but Easter came, and still there was no conversation. We are permitted to talk in the refectory only on the silver and golden anniversaries of the nuns of the Community.

A Carmelite nun may never eat meat except in case of illness. We do not eat meat, not because we think it is a bad thing, but because we think it is a good thing; otherwise there would be no point in our giving it up. Judging by Carmelite longevity, giving up meat does not impair our health. After all, there are many of the world's poor who can afford meat but rarely.

On Fridays, and on the days of Lent, as well as on all special fast days of the Church, we keep the Black Fast. On these days we may not have eggs, butter, milk, nor anything made from them.

I was cautioned not to engage in any elaborate work; our sewing,

painting, and similar occupations should not ordinarily absorb the mind excessively nor hinder the spirit of recollection. I could see that life in Carmel, while simple and quiet, would never become monotonous or boring. Even our active duties are performed "interiorly," pleading for souls all the while in union with Christ. This was Carmel burning with zeal for souls, quietly carrying out small duties, patiently enduring the difficulties of everyday life.

I was exhausted when finally I climbed into bed that night. There was no question about it: the bed seemed hard and the straw rough and the woolen "sheets" and pillowcase were stuffy. Yet I had found complete happiness at last.

"You are a lucky girl, Cecelia," I whispered in the emptiness of the cell, "to be allowed to enter here, to live with Christ in this place of his dwelling."

Climbing the Matterhorn

I REMEMBER ONCE traveling up to Zermatt with a mountaineer. We were talking about religion. He assured me with a tolerant smile that though we might be traveling by different roads we should meet one day in heaven.

"I'm sure we shall," I replied politely, "that is, if I get there. By the way, what are your plans at Zermatt?"

"Oh, I hope to climb the Matterhorn."

"By the north face?"

He laughed indulgently. "I'm not one of your desperadoes. No fancy routes for me. I'll be quite happy to climb it by the popular route. The safest route and the best guides are my policy."

"Same here," said I. "Even with the climb to heaven I take no chances. No fancy routes for me. The safest route and the best guide, the Catholic Church, is my policy."

Arnold Lunn in the *Ceylon Register* (8 Jan. '55).

Pierre Toussaint—A Story of Old New York

Review by FRANCIS BEAUCHESNE THORNTON

Book Editor, THE CATHOLIC DIGEST

WHAT A MAN IS, God alone knows. We see only what he does, and how he looks when he does it. We hear what others say about him. The rest is mystery. If ever a man were mysterious, Pierre Toussaint was. From what we can see, there is no accounting for him."

If those words seem strange to you, Arthur and Elizabeth Odell Sheehan's *Pierre Toussaint* will

help you to understand them. Toussaint was born in Santo Domingo before the black revolution swept the French out of power in the island. He was a slave child. The Congo was in his blood. The beating drums sending their rhythms through the wet darkness. The rites of blood and fertility. The savage code, the Voodoo practices leering behind the crucifix and the white tranquillity of the Mass, in the

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country we today know as Haiti.

Pierre was born a slave but slavery is of the body. The soul is free, and the little black boy with the bright eyes and small gold earrings freely rose above his savage past and the chains of slavery. It was this free spirit that led him to tell his mother, "Some day I'm going to read all those books Monsieur Berard has in his rooms, the ones he brought from France."

The ordinary slave did not learn to read and write. Pierre did. And he did far more. As his mind widened out he learned to read the minds of his fellow men—servants and masters. He went behind the mind into the mystery of the heart.

Pierre went to New York with his master and mistress. The American revolution was just over. New York was growing like an adolescent child that feels his body straining at the shoulders of his jacket. The Berards joined the French colony. France was in high esteem. Through her armies and navies the infant republic had become a great nation.

In candlelit rooms, Mrs. Alexander Hamilton, wife of the secretary of the Treasury, held her brilliant receptions and musicals. Life was easy and gay. Optimism was in the air.

Pierre enjoyed the festivities and the easy life. He served his master and his young mistress with a joyous heart. New York's celebrities were not names to the tall, slender

man with the coal black face and twinkling earrings—he knew the Hamiltons, the Burrs, the Schuylers, and the Crugers, with the easy familiarity of a trusted servant.

The style of hairdressing led Pierre into a new occupation. Women's heads were crowned with towers and pagodas of curls. Those temples of vanity had to be created by master hairdressers with a touch as delicate as sunshine. Pierre learned the trade to perfection.

Then one disaster after another struck the Berards. Pierre's master died. His young mistress, scarcely out of her teens, was faced with impossible responsibilities. Revolution blazed through Santo Domingo. The Berards lost their entire fortune in the island. There was still the money invested in New York real estate, but this disappeared overnight in one of the money panics that plagued the city.

It was then that the soul of Pierre Toussaint first revealed itself. Returning to his young mistress the few jewels she had given him for sale, he placed in her hands his life's savings, the little gifts he had received for willing service. Long hours of work and pain had gone into their slow accumulation.

Then for 40 years, Pierre maintained by his labors the household in which he had been born a slave. Each day he went out with his little kit of tongs and skewers. Each night he returned from the houses

of the great with his day's earnings.

Soon he was the confidant of great ladies. They trusted him, for he never gossiped. He was their Father confessor, and their friend.

The children loved him, too. Pierre's jokes pleased them unto laughter, and so did the merry way he had of dancing for them the steps he had learned as a child on the great plantation near St. Marc.

After 40 years of service, Madame Berard on her deathbed freed Pierre. It was a gesture of gratitude for his protection. He had always been freer than the whites he served but it was good to put the formality on paper. It was like the little miniature she left him. So poor a portrait compared to the picture Pierre carried in his heart.

Pierre married his childhood sweetheart, and became a legend in New York. Everyone knew him; everyone went to him with his

troubles. His charity, his dignity, his love were as well known as his constancy at morning Mass in St. Peter's on Barclay St.

It was no wonder that Philip Schuyler, the grandson of Saratoga's hero, could say of Pierre, "I have known Christians who were not gentlemen, gentlemen who were not Christians—but one man I know who is both—and that man is black!"

This is a story of charm, color, and the lightning of the Gospel that flashes over all racial hatred. Pierre lived up to his name, Toussaint, which means all saints, because he was a man who did what others only talked about. Love asks for a heart.

Pierre Toussaint—A Story of Old New York is published by P. J. Kenedy & Sons, at \$3.50. Catholic Digest Book Club members receive it for \$2.95, plus postage.

It Can Happen Everywhere

ST. LOUIS RECENTLY rezoned a residential block on the "white side" of a racial-population line in the heart of town.

Immediately, and according to pattern, "For Sale" signs appeared in front yards all down the street, as householders prepared to flee the wrath to come. More signs went up when two Negro families moved into the block. The storm signals had been right, and "deterioration" had arrived.

Samuel H. Marcus has a 16-room colonial brick house in the block—and a strong sense of a more serious and real deterioration. So soon afterwards his sign went up on his lawn. The lettering is as large and as unmistakable as the meaning. "This house is not for sale. We like our fine neighbors. Your race, religion, and politics are not our concern."

There were six "For Sale" signs in neighboring yards when Mr. Marcus planted his. Shortly thereafter, all were removed.

Christian Century (2 Feb. '55).



the Open Door

A RUNAWAY train carried my brother-in-law to the open door of the Church. He, a locomotive engineer, was considering Catholicism, but had not yet quite made up his mind.

One night, on a steep grade in the West Virginia mountains, he lost control of his heavy freight. He told his fireman to jump, prepared to follow, and then thought of God. He would start instructions immediately, he prayed, if He would only help him control his train.

Then he ran back over the train, setting hand brakes on car after car. The train slid to a stop just ahead of a sharp curve at the edge of a small town.

The very next day, he began instructions, riding a train 35 miles to attend, and became a Catholic. A few years later, he was killed in a head-on collision.

Mrs. Grace Schoolfield.

DURING THE 2nd World War, I was in a hospital in India. In the next bed was a young captain from Atlanta, Ga., with an Irish name. One morning he asked to accompany me to chapel.

We both went to Communion. We did the same thing the next morning, and had breakfast together.

"You know," he said, "I'm thinking seriously of joining the Catholic Church." I almost choked on my scrambled powdered eggs; then suggested a visit to the chaplain.

"Father," I said, "meet the captain. He made his First Communion yesterday, and now he'd like to talk to you about being baptized." The captain soon had his wish.

Philip C. Hammond.

THE NEWSBOY, an 8th-grader, hurled his paper to the doorstep of a wealthy customer he knew only slightly. The gentleman happened to open his door at that precise moment, and the paper hit him full in the face.

The boy hurried up to apologize. The customer, unperturbed, talked with the boy, and learned that he was about to enter a public high school. The man suggested St. Augustine's; the boy said he wasn't a Catholic, and couldn't afford it anyway.

The gentleman investigated, came to admire the lad, got him enrolled at St. Augustine's, and paid his way through. The boy became interested in Catholicism, and upon graduation entered the seminary.

Catherine Healy.

[For statements of true incidents by which persons were brought into the Church \$25 will be paid on publication. Manuscripts submitted for this department cannot be returned.—Ed.]

*When the communists give the women the Soviet right to vote,
they dump themselves out of office*

Dilemma in San Marino

By ARNALDO CORTESI

Condensed from the New York Times*



THE WOMEN OF San Marino are on the march. They have forced the communists to the defensive. By September, they hope to have them on the run, if pretty, young Miriam Micheletti doesn't go away to get married.

Young love plays a big role in the power politics of the oldest republic in the world. The proud, ancient, independent Republic of San Marino, perched on a mountaintop near the Italian Adriatic coast, opposite Florence, is only 38 miles square. When someone leaves, the balance of power trembles.

And *Signorina* Miriam is more than someone; she is the leader of the revolution. Since the war, the government of the republic has been in the hands of a left-wing socialist-communist coalition. The first serious challenge to their power came only recently when young *Signorina* Miriam decided that the women of San Marino should be able to vote.

What could the communists say?

Women can vote in Russia; women's suffrage is hardly a deceitful capitalist device. Yet the women of San Marino are ardent Catholics. If they were allowed to vote, they would tip the scales against the extreme left-wing parties.

Gildo Gasperoni, the Khrushchev of San Marino, tried to laugh the whole thing off. The women of San Marino were not ready for the vote, he said.

But *Signorina* Miriam didn't laugh; she organized. The women of San Marino voted resolutions. They issued appeals. They stuck posters on the walls. They paraded through the streets. They raised such a hullabaloo as San Marino has probably never witnessed since her founding in the 4th century. After only one month of uproar, Gasperoni had to back down. The women of San Marino got the vote.

Elections will come in September, and the communists are wor-

*Times Square, New York City. March 30, 1955. Copyright 1955 by the New York Times Co., and reprinted with permission.

ried. Gasperoni sees only one glimmer of hope. Miss Miriam is engaged to a young man in Rimini, Italy. The communists hope she may soon marry and return to San Marino no more. The Christian

Democrats say they are not worried; they are grooming a replacement, just in case. But young love is still a subject of worried discussion in the smoke-filled rooms of San Marino.



Hearts Are Trumps

BACK IN THE late 90's, I was the eldest of four children in a middle-class family living in a large and dingy manufacturing city in northeastern U. S.

My mother had the kind of fervent Catholic faith so often bred in the old country, and she was determined that her own children should grow up in the same tradition. Every morning, rain or shine, the priest celebrating the 7 o'clock Mass could be sure of at least four worshipers, two boys and two girls, well to the front and in the center aisle.

Many of the other mothers in the neighborhood worked in the mills, and their children were free to run in the streets. Two little urchins took to hanging around our house in the morning and shouting "Sissy" at us as we set off—brushed, combed, and immaculate—for church.

This caused my brothers the kind of pain that only a small boy can know, and one morning they begged my mother to let them stay home.

"Go on," my mother joshed them. "Sure and you know what's wrong with those lads, don't you? They're jealous. Why not take them along to Mass? Bring them back here afterward, and I'll give you all a good breakfast."

It worked. I can still see their bashful looks as they came in the first day. How they enjoyed the piping-hot meal and some minutes of fun before school! They never needed a second invitation, but came again and again.

Some time later, we moved to the new settlement at the far end of town, losing contact with our old neighbors and making new friends.

Years passed. Life was good to us, and we were very happy. I had finished high school; my brothers and sister were working.

Then one afternoon, my father took a short cut across the railroad yards, and was crushed between two freight cars. The railroad men working in the yards ran to try to help him. One of them, a young brakeman, took one look at dad, then said, "That man is a Catholic! I'll get the priest."

He was back in a moment with Father Callahan, and dad received the last sacraments. Twenty minutes later, he was dead. Need I tell you that the young brakeman was one of the lads to whom mother had been kind?

Marie McGilvray.

[For original accounts, 200 to 300 words long, of true cases where unseeking kindness was rewarded, \$25 will be paid on publication. Manuscripts submitted for this department cannot be acknowledged nor returned.—Ed.]



Two boys used up six tires and \$600

14,000 Miles of Fishing

Condensed from *Outdoor Life**

By JACK KUTCHINS & TONY GREGOR

EVER SINCE we were little kids, the two of us had talked about a fishing trip to Alaska. Some day, we vowed, we'd find out what it's like to fish where nobody had fished before. Then an uncle made the trip when Jack was 12, and our adventure became just a question of time.

Well, we graduated from Catholic Central High school in Grand Rapids, Mich., together in June of 1952. It took us a year to save up enough money for the trip, get a car, and round out our plans. We shoved off on June 10, 1953, in Tony's 1952 car. It was loaded so heavily that the frame was down on the axles.

We carried two tents: a 7'x7' canvas-wall, and a small nylon pup tent with netting and floor cloth for overnight hiking trips away from our main camp. Our sleeping bags were reinforced with blankets, and that proved a wise precaution, for wet snow fell as late as June 20.

Each of us carried a glass fly rod, with spinning reel and eight-pound-test monofilament line. This tackle handled everything from eight-inch Dolly Vardens to 20-pound salmon.

Four days after we left, before we even crossed the border, we had the liveliest fishing we had ever seen and the best catch of trout either of us ever made. That was in Glacier park, in the mountains of northwestern Montana.

Next morning, we headed through Calgary and Edmonton, Alberta, for Dawson Creek, B.C., and the junction with the Alaska highway. We were stuck in the mud more times than we can remember, but the worst driving was on the approaches to Dawson Creek. Most times, we managed to get ourselves out with a shovel and jack. A few times we had to be towed. The Alaska Highway is a good gravel road, although very sticky when wet, but the roads approaching it are terrible.

*353 4th Ave., New York City 10. May, 1955. Copyright 1955, by Popular Science Publishing Co., and reprinted with permission.

One time we were stuck in gumbo at the foot of a long grade. Just as we resigned ourselves to sitting it out for awhile, a ranch wagon pulled up. The driver offered help. He was Russ Bruton, a school-teacher from Guntown, Miss., on his way to Alaska for a summer of camping and fishing. He traveled in a station wagon with his three terriers. The dogs rustled their own grub, mostly ground squirrels.

Russ helped us out of the mud, and we talked fishing. "That's what we're really looking forward to," Jack told him, when he mentioned grayling.

Grayling had once been natives of our own state, but they became extinct there about 20 years ago. We had read and speculated a lot about them and had caught a few in a little creek along the Alaska Highway. They were small, but caused more comment than a string of 20-pound rainbows.

"I know the place for some real grayling," Russ said. "Kathleen lake, up the road about 500 miles. He held out his hand. "See you there," he told us, and drove off.

We drove the 500 miles, and camped in a deserted army barracks on Kathleen lake, in the Yukon, a short distance above Whitehorse. Russ joined us, and from the end of June the three of us camped and fished together for five or six weeks.

We were on good grayling water in our camp on Kathleen lake.

But when we went down the Kathleen river to a smaller lake we really hit the jackpot. The river was snow-fed and cold, crystal clear, green, and fast. It went into the lake in a shallow riffle, over a bar of white clay and gravel.

Tony hooked 13 grayling on his first 13 casts, hardly moving out of his tracks. The little lake was so alive with grayling that we could drift over it in a canoe and see them lying on the white clay bottom in rows.

As a fighter,*the grayling is no match for the rainbow, but he can outjump anything else that swims in fresh water. Rainbows have a big reputation as aerialists but they can't match grayling. Grayling seem to jump for the fun of it. Half the time they go into the air to take the fly; Tony hooked one that leaped 13 times in a row. Once one swam up alongside Tony, took shelter beside his leg as in the lee of a snag, and snapped up his fly as it floated down with the current, no more than two feet from his boot.

In two hours one morning, the two of us hooked and released 38 grayling. If you had the patience to stay, you could catch them all day long. They ranged from nine to 18 inches, averaging about 14.

We tired of eating them, and before long we were tired of eating lake trout, too. We can't tell you just where we took the lakers. It was a pond not far from Dezadeash

lake, and as far as we know it's nameless. When we came to it, we saw lake trout in schools, lying on the bottom in ten feet of water. They scattered like shadows as the canoe slid over them.

We also had rainbow fishing in the Kathleen lake area, on the Aishihik river below Otter Falls. The water was like a millrace laced with white froth, but wherever we found a streak of solid green and laid a wet fly or streamer in it, we could count on a nod from a heavyweight trout.

When we moved on from that camp in the Yukon at the end of two weeks, we figured we'd seen as good fishing as Alaska has to offer. But we were wrong. We hadn't counted on the rainbows and salmon we'd find in the Russian river on the Kenai peninsula.

The rainbows were on the bottom in fairly deep water, beneath the layer of salmon. It was useless to offer them flies. They wouldn't come up through the swarming salmon. So we relied on salmon eggs, the stand-by of most Alaskan fishermen and the undoing of most Alaska trout.

We bought a jar of salmon eggs that had been hand-packed, and doped with a secret formula. We used enough split shot on the leader to carry the hook swiftly to the bottom. The big problem was to get through the salmon without snagging them.

Jack was the first to make con-

tact. The trout didn't lunge at the knot of eggs; he picked it up and nipped it cautiously. All Jack felt was a light tapping. But when Jack prodded the hook into him, he came up through the screen of salmon like an arrow flying from a bowstring.

The trout came out of the water three or four times, toe-dancing the length of the leader, then he went back to the bottom. He made the most of the rushing, turbulent current, and before Jack was through he didn't have enough line left on his reel to lace his shoes.

But the rod did its stubborn job, and finally the power went out of the fish. There was a foot and a half of him—dark green on the back, with bands of deep rose along his sides. He was lithe and trim and hard as steel.

At last, too soon, we had to leave Alaska for home. We had started out with a brand-new set of tires and two spares nearly new. By the time we arrived in Grand Rapids, ten weeks later, we had worn out the spares, bought two more, and were riding on four dangerously thin tires, with only one poor spare on the rear. We had gone 14,000 miles. Most of the wear and tear came in less than 1,000 miles along the Alaska Highway approaches.

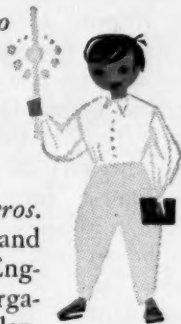
Of the \$600 we started with, we had 46¢ left. Our supplies were gone, and the gas tank was nearly empty. We'd had it—the time of our lives.



Mexican Love Story

And how the folk art of Alejandro Rangel Hidalgo came to the covers of THE CATHOLIC DIGEST

By JIM BISHOP



HE WOULDN'T KISS her. No, he said, it wouldn't be proper. The photographer then asked if he would put his arm around the girl. The tall artist thought about it gravely, and said, "All right, if the picture is not published until after we are married." He looked down at Margarita, dark and pretty behind her glasses, and his long slender hand inched behind her back until the finger barely touched her shoulder. "All right," he said gruffly, "take the picture."

She burst into laughter. The camera clicked.

"You do not understand," the artist said to the photographer. "Her father will permit Margarita to go to Buenos Aires alone, but he will not permit me to walk around the corner with her—alone."

They will marry in September. That sounds like the end of a Mexican romance. It isn't. It's the beginning of something that sounds like a television script. The artist is Alejandro Rangel Hidalgo, 32, a man with a face vaguely reminiscent of the parrot in Walt Disney's

The Three Caballeros. He wears glasses, and he talks a little English. The girl is Margarita Septien, 31, slender, pretty, vivacious. She speaks English well. She lives in the modern world of Mexico City, with her parents. He lives in the provinces, outside a town called Colima, in the state of Colima.

You do not know Rangel Hidalgo's face, but you know his hand. He is the artist whose exquisite covers have adorned THE CATHOLIC DIGEST. He paints water colors of the Nativity and the Annunciation. The simplicity of his style and the delicate, reverent beauty of his execution have created a sensation among readers of this magazine.

The story really begins three years ago. In 1952, Margarita was helping to plan a Catholic pageant of ballet in Mexico City. She was in charge of tickets. All the work was voluntary, and nobody expected a peso in return. Miss Septien was unusual in one respect. She had devoted practically all of

her life to working for the Catholic Church, although she had no urge to become a nun. She wanted to work the social side of the religious street, and she started off by helping to build a school for girls in northern Mexico. Her father, who is a renowned lawyer, looked upon Margarita as slightly eccentric. But this was only a start for the girl. She joined Catholic Action—a formidable force for good in Mexico—and she turned out to be so indefatigable that, years later, she was elected national president of the movement.

The ticket sale for the ballet was going fairly well, and the place was in turmoil with scene shifters, dancers in rehearsal, and the sound of oboes in conflict with tuning violins, when *Señorita* Teresa Olivera paused to introduce Margarita to an artist named Rangel Hidalgo. Margarita looked up from her balance sheets, and murmured "*Mucho gusto*," which is a cut-down version of "It's a great pleasure to meet you."

She went back to work. Alejandro stood there with an armful of picture frames. He had met girls before, and he had been on dates in Colima and in Mexico City, but this girl was one he had heard about. She was pretty, yes. But who isn't? From what he had heard about this creamy-skinned dynamo, she had intelligence plus a soul that was forever racing toward the stars. On Margarita's

side, she figured that anyone who would stand around moping when there was so much work to be done must indeed be a weird one from the woods.

He talked to her about his art. She listened. Someday, he insisted, he would be discovered. As a matter of fact, he said, he had designed the costumes for this particular ballet pageant. He had painted covers for the Catholic Action magazine. Had she seen any of those?

Maybe, Margarita said. It's possible.

He was a member of the Catholic Action group down in Colima, he said. Had she heard of Colima? Yes, she said, it is a small state on the Pacific side of Mexico, a place of neat *fincas* and many lemons. Ah, he said, that was good, because his father owned a *finca* and on it he grew limes and coconuts. In the old days, it spread out to 4,000 acres, farther than a man on a hill could see, but then the agrarian laws had been instituted, and now the *finca* was down to 200 acres. The Rangel Hidalgos were no longer the rich lords of Colima, but still there were 100 workmen who lived on the ranch with their wives and children. In all, 500 people lived there.

Margarita was unimpressed. And yet there was something almost naïvely sincere about this man. So, when he asked if he could see her again, she thought it over for a segment of a second, and said Yes.

Within three months, they knew that they were meant for each other. But Mexican courtships are designed neither for comfort nor speed. There are certain Spanish amenities which must be followed; one is that the young man seldom gets a chance to see the girl alone. If he takes her to a dance, he buys three tickets, two for the lovers and one for her girl friend, or her aunt, or her mother, or some other person suitable for extinguishing the sparks of romance.

In due time, the man must make his intentions clear to the girl's parents, and this too can be painful, because, in the case of the Septiens, they could not understand why a pretty girl had to wait so long and then pick—of all people—an artist. Besides, he lived more than 150 miles from her house through mountain passes and valleys and, no matter what they tell you, absence does not make the heart grow fonder. If anything, it inspires heartburn.

This particular love thrived on obstacles. Besides, the unceasing work of Catholic Action threw them together on many projects. Alejandro saw the first copy of *Lo Mejor*, the Latin-American edition of THE CATHOLIC DIGEST, in October, 1952. He read it avidly, and told Margarita about it. Fourteen months later, both read an article in it about a German nun who painted, Berta Hummel. As they examined her work, both be-

came excited because the Sister's style was in the same genre as Alejandro's.

Alejandro did not aspire to painting covers for THE CATHOLIC DIGEST. What he said, in effect, was, "If they like Berta Hummel's work, there is a chance that they might like mine for sale as bookmarks or as Christmas cards." Margarita agreed. In May, she said, she would have to go to New York to attend the International Congress of Feminine Youth, and, while at Manhattanville college, she would ask if anyone knew the editor of THE CATHOLIC DIGEST.

She brought a few of the paintings with her, and she showed them to Father James Magner of the Catholic University of America. Margarita had met him in Mexico six months earlier. Now she watched him study the paintings, and asked him if they were any good. Yes, he said slowly, he would say that they were very good. He was not an art critic—the writing of books was more in his line—but the paintings had a freshness and a simplicity and a certain quality of "heart" about them. Later, he would like to have a showing of these paintings in Washington, but right now he advised her to see Father Paul Bussard, editor of THE CATHOLIC DIGEST.

Margarita, armed with five canvases, walked into the CATHOLIC DIGEST's New York office a few moments after Father Bussard had

come in from a rough air trip from St. Paul, Minn., the CATHOLIC DIGEST's home office. Father Busard was very tired. He half-listened to Margarita's story about the unknown artist, and he nodded slightly when she asked if he would like to look at Rangel Hidalgo's work. But he came alive when he saw the first painting, and, in a moment, he called for *Señorita* Maria Constanza Huergo, editor of *Lo Mejor*, to come in quickly and take a look at a brand new talent. They studied the work together, and Margarita suggested timidly that she would like to give Father one of the paintings as a gift. He said No, that he was too tired to make a decision now, but to please return in the morning.

On the second day, Father showed the art to more people, including competent art critics. They, too, were enthusiastic. Afterward, Father announced that he would like to draw up a contract for 12 originals, and would like to help advance Rangel Hidalgo's fortunes in the U.S.

Margarita hardly needed a plane to fly back to Mexico. In her purse she had a contract for more than enough money to get their marriage and home off to a good start. Alejandro was so happy that, when he started back to Colima, his toes touched only the tops of mountains. He could now paint religious art the way he had always wanted to do it. He had his girl, and he

had a future. Margarita became engaged to Alejandro in 1954. They agreed to be married this September, after a Catholic Action convention which Margarita must attend.

They will live on the Rangel Hidalgo *finca*, of course. In time, Margarita will get to feel that the spongy black earth under her toes is a part of her. Her husband-to-be is an eldest son. One of his brothers is an architect; he lives in the city of Colima. One is an engineer. The artist lives on the *finca* (the name of which is Nogueras) with his father. They are 11 miles outside the city.

When Alejandro was a little boy, maybe three or four, he began to draw pencil sketches of children. His father thought that a boy who could handle a pencil should learn how to write his name and to add and subtract. He was opposed to having an artist in the family. But, when no one was around, his mother encouraged her son to keep drawing the faces of children; these faces, she felt, were pleasing in the sight of God.

Alejandro kept at it. His father never relented in his opposition, and he refused, even in the later years, to permit Alejandro to have an art teacher. Today, Hidalgo is still painting the faces of children. His bright, almost illustrative, style is his own. When he wants to do a painting, say, of the Annunciation, he will ponder for days on

the best way to do it. He sits and broods until he can see it. Then he faces a Bristol board, mixes his own pigments, and, in a few hours, the Angel Gabriel and the Virgin Mary come to life.

The artist uses the children of the *finca* workers as his models. There are always new ones on the *finca*, and these little ones will hold a pose willingly, happily, for long, strained periods. When inspiration will not come, Alejandro goes to the little church that his ancestors built on the *finca*. There he asks for a little help, and usually gets it.

A few years ago, his mother died. She was buried inside the little church on the farm. Alejandro decided that the old church needed fixing. He asked the brother who is an architect to draw plans for remodeling the little church. It was done.

Then he requested the other brother, the engineer, to oversee the work. This too was done. The art work, of course, was furnished by Alejandro Rangel Hidalgo. The

boys did it in memory of their mother.

Then a wonderful thing happened. For years, some of the men on the *finca* had not attended church. Their argument was that there are so few priests in Mexico anyway that one can expect Mass, at best, every other Sunday. As soon as *Señora* Hidalgo had been buried in the church, however, all hands began to make regular visits; and today, none of the men misses Mass. The Indians had a silent affection for *Señora* Hidalgo.

Margarita was not disappointed when she learned that none of the money from THE CATHOLIC DIGEST is going toward her new home. Some of it was used to rebuild the little church. Some of it goes to Catholic Action in Colima. Some of it goes to a little school, for books and teachers. Money yet to be earned has been earmarked for a small maternity hospital on the *finca*, for the wives of the workers. Now Margarita is sure that she isn't making a mistake.



You Can't Win

DON'T BET on horse races! Ponder the lecture a little Italian priest was fond of delivering in a barbershop I patronize.

"When I go out to the track," he would recall, "everybody knows me: the owners, the trainers, the jockeys. They all like me. They tell me just what horses to bet on. The bookies won't take my bets if they think I'm backing the wrong horse. When I lose, they refuse to accept my money.

"And, gentlemen, so far this year even I am \$300 behind."

Bennett Cerf in *This Week* (1 May '55).



T I M E S
S Q U A R E
Intern

By James H. Winchester



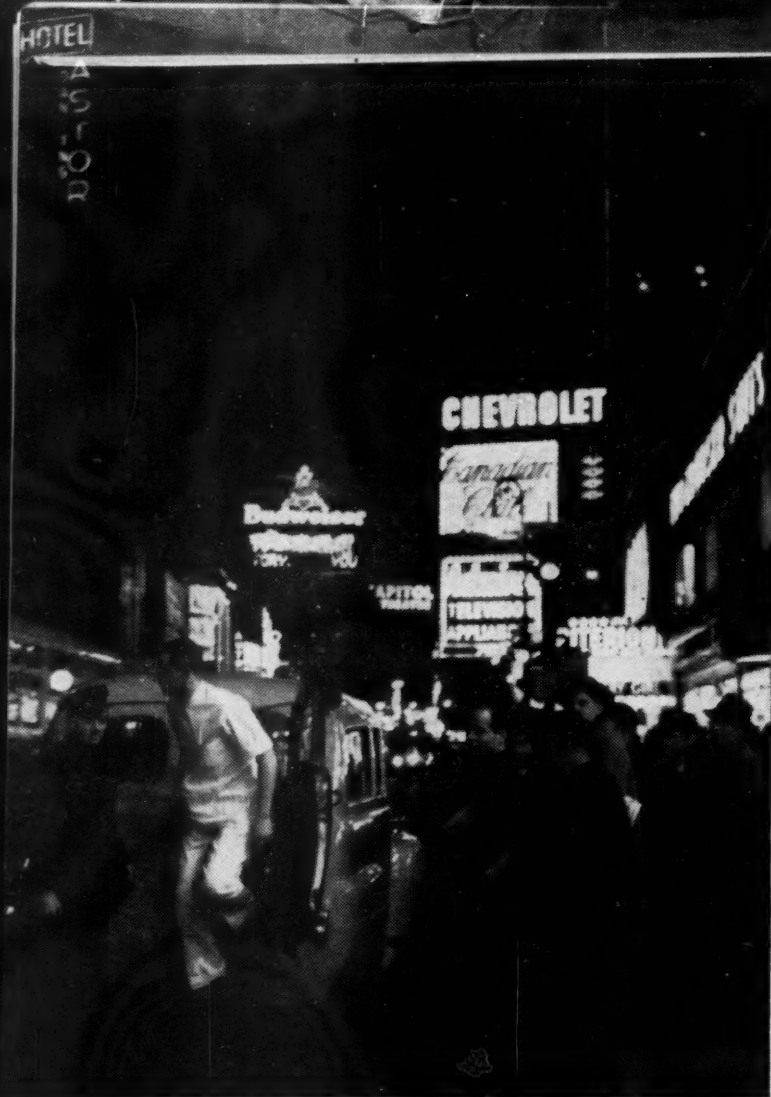
ST. CLARE'S HOSPITAL MCNALLY PAVILION



Bag in hand, Dr. John Schaefer sprints out of St. Clare's to his ambulance.

There are 8 million people in New York City. Some get sick; all will die. To handle these cases, there are 44 hospitals and 100 ambulances. St. Clare's hospital is but one. It covers the bright-lights district of Times Square. The Catholic Digest

assigned a writer and a photographer to observe intern John Schaefer at work on a Saturday night. On his first call (above), Dr. Schaefer found a man stricken with a heart attack in a bus station, took him to St. Clare's.



Twenty minutes later, Dr. Schaefer is on a second call, this one an accident victim on Broadway. The woman was only bruised. She refused medical treatment.

St. Clare's hospital is administered by the Franciscans. It was selected for this picture story because it represents all Catholic hospitals anywhere. The work is the same; the

Sisters are alike in their devotion; the interns remain a year or two, and then move on to general practice. Dr. Schaefer, who lives in the Bronx, will practice surgery.



This woman made an afternoon tour of West Side bars. She got into a car with some strange men; was thrown out and injured.



Simple fracture. He was walking down the subway steps, lost his footing, and held his hand to protect himself.



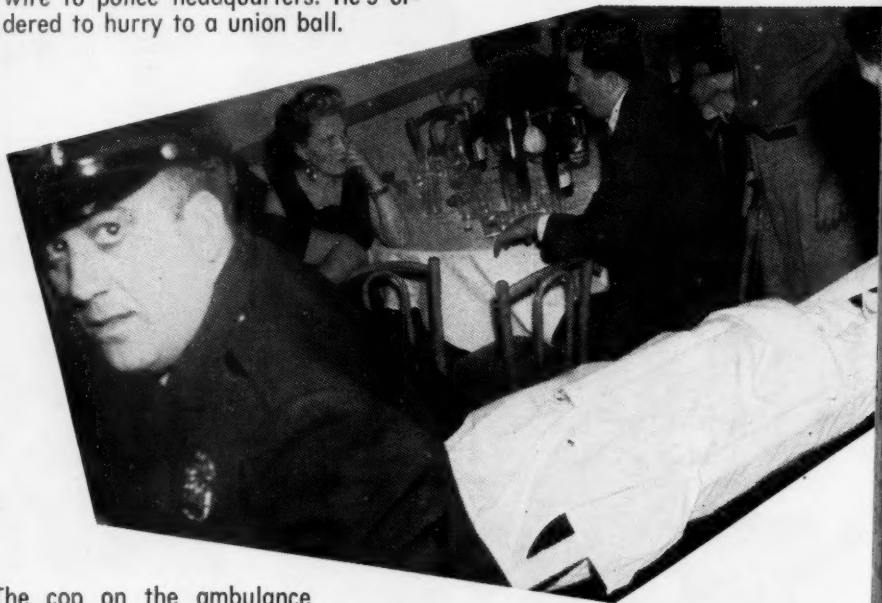
Comes a lull and a chance to talk things over with Sister M. Eileen Patricia, who is working in the admitting room.



Another heart attack. He wanted to go home, was taken to St. Clare's.



The young man tries a little "sack time." The phone rings: it's a direct wire to police headquarters. He's ordered to hurry to a union ball.



The cop on the ambulance was disgusted when he saw people dining and dancing after a waiter had dropped dead. The doctor yelled, "At least stop the music until we carry this poor man out of here." The band died. The waiter was carried out. The music started again.





Photography by John Hemmer

At 4 a.m. Sunday, the hospital is quiet. The doctor dozes. He dreams of a quiet, healthy world. →

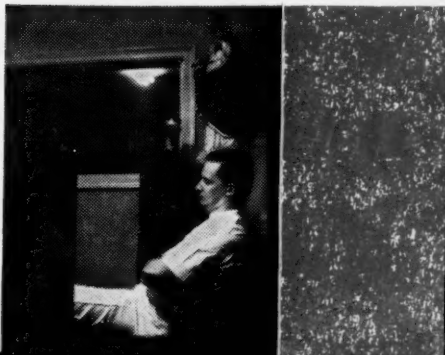
← A few patients die. When that happens, Father Andrew Watkins is called. The doctor watches.

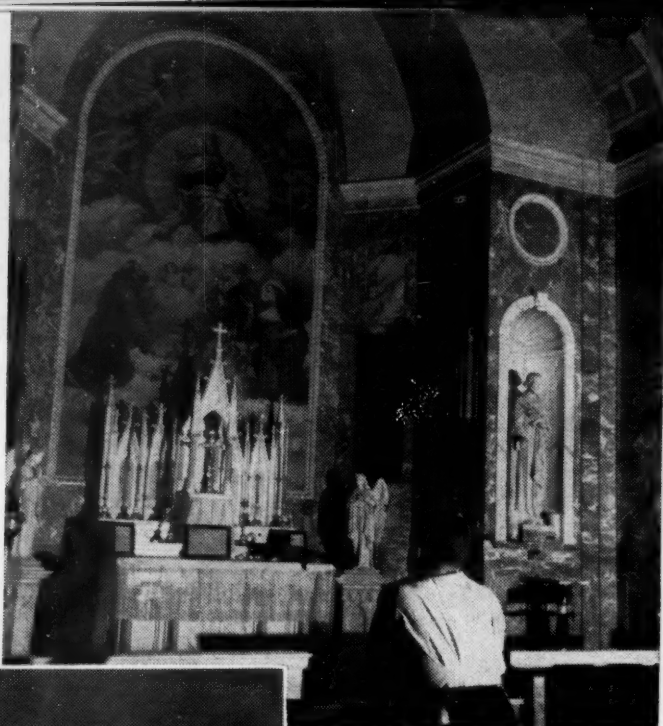


Name? Address? Next of kin? Sister asks the questions of a man who has come in off the street with injuries. He isn't sure what happened. Or where.



She is 59. She worked late, was walking through a dark hallway. Someone grabbed her. She screamed. She was thrown down a flight of stairs. She will live.





Dawn is a good time. The city sleeps. Milk cans rattle. A squad car loafs down Broadway. "I give help," says the intern. "But I need it too."

The nurses like Dr. John. He pauses to chat with Helen Farrell. He's a good-looking bachelor with his back to the wall.

Daylight comes through the windows when the Times Square intern lights a cigarette. His work is done as you crawl out of bed. ➔







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